NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

VOLUME V.---NO. 42. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1845. WHOLE NUMBER 250.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.
At 142, Nassau Street, New-York.

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☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

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"The Peculiar Institution."

From the Liberty Press.

AN AUCTION.

While travelling at the South, a short time since, one day, as I was passing through a noted city, my attention was arrested by a concourse of people upon the public square. At first I queried as to the cause, but beholding a liberty pole in their midst, with a long flag of stripes and stars unfurled by the breeze, and remembering that it was the thirtieth anniversary of a celebrated battle, fought on that very ground, I was not long in deciding that they had met to commemorate the event, and sing the prowess of the American arms. But judge of my surprise, when, alighting from my horse, and crowding my way to the centre of the group, I soon satisfied myself that it was to be a southern auction. Here is quite a contrast, thought I, an auction to *sell* the liberty of one or more native born citizens, on the very ground, where our fathers spilt their blood in a struggle to *defend* their liberties! And as I had never witnessed the sale of a human being, I thought I would stop until it took place.

There being no one within the ring around the stand, I thought I would inquire the cause of the sale. Turning to a man in black, with rather a calculating mien, I was promptly informed that a merchant of the city had failed in business. The stranger said the merchant owed him a large amount, and he had attached his property, and "among other things, his beautiful domestic." He said the owner had been to great expense to educate her, and had rendered her every way interesting; and with emphasis, he added, "that slave shall now be mine."

Soon I saw two men coming through the crowd, attended by a female. They entered the ring around the stand. The sequel showed them to be the auctioneer, the unfortunate merchant, and the more unfortunate young lady, for slave she could not be. The auctioneer stepped upon the stand and ordered her to follow. She dropped her head upon her heaving bosom, but she moved not. Neither did she weep—her emotion was too deep for tears. The merchant stood near me. I attentively watched his countenance. 'Twas that of a father for the loss of an only daughter. Daughter he had not; but I understood that he had intended to adopt her, who, instead of being now free, was doomed to perpetual slavery. He appeared to have a humane heart. With tears in his eyes he said, "Helen, you must obey—I can protect you no longer." I could bear no more—my heart struggled to free itself from the human form. I turned my eyes upward—the flag lay listlessly by the pole, for not a breeze had leave to stir. I thought I could almost see the spirits of the liberty martyrs, whose blood had once stained that soil, and hear them sigh over the now desecrated spot.

I turned around and saw two veterans of that eventful day, tottering over their staves a few feet from me. They had come from one of the free States to spend that anniversary on the ground of the spilt blood of their brothers. While they looked upon the scene before them, tear answered to tear. With shrivelled hands uplifted toward heaven, the elder broke the silence by exclaiming, "O, my country! my country! How fallen! Has the angel of liberty taken her departure forever? O, weeps she not over crushed humanity?"

I turned to look for the doomed. She stood upon the auction stand. In stature, she was of the middle size. Slim and delicately built. Her skin was lighter than many a Northern *brunette*. And her features were round, with thin lips. She was the most fair albino that I ever saw. Indeed, many thought no black blood coursed in her veins. Now despair sat on her countenance. O! I shall never forget that look. "Good heavens!" ejaculated one of the two aged fathers, as he beheld the features of Helen, "is that beautiful lady to be sold?"

Then fell upon my ear the auctioneer's cry, "How much is said for this beautiful, healthy slave girl—a real albino—a fancy girl for any gentleman?(!) How much? How much? Who bids? "Five hundred dollars," "eight hundred," "one thousand," were soon bid by different purchasers. The last was made by the friends of the merchant, as they wished to assist him to retain her. At first no one seemed disposed to raise the bid. The crier then read from a paper in his hand, "She is intelligent, well informed, easy to communicate, a first rate instructress." "Who raises the bid?" This had the desired effect. "Twelve hundred"—"fourteen"—"sixteen," quickly followed. He read again—"She is a devoted Christian, sustains the best of morals, and is perfectly trusty." This raised the bids to two thousand dollars, at which she was struck off to the gentleman in favor of whom was the prosecution. Here closed one of the darkest scenes in the book of time.

This was a Southern auction—an auction at which the bones, muscles, sinews, blood, and nerves of a young lady of nineteen, sold for one thousand dollars; her improved intellect, for six hundred more; and her Christianity—the person of Christ in his follower, for four hundred more.

It is but just to remark, that the above sale never took place to our knowledge. But no thanks to slaveholders nor the system of American Slavery, that it has not. They have all the elements, and all that is lacking is the suitable circumstances.

H. S. D.

From the Baltimore Saturday Visitor.

FOUND DEAD.

"Very considerable excitement prevails in the neighborhood of Milford Farm, Baltimore county, in consequence of a slave having been found hung by the neck and dead. His master, it is reported, gave him a severe chastisement, and shortly after he was found in the condition named. The occasion of the excitement is said to arise from the suspicion that the negro was indebted to his master not only for the chastisement, but also for the hanging—a story which, we hope, farther developments will entirely refute."

The "story" referred to, was "refuted" by "farther developments." The slave evidently hung himself in a fit of desperation. It was testified by the overseer, that he (W.) "flogged the boy" with a "wagon or cart-whip." Now, any one who knows the tremendous purchase of this species of whip, (which never was made for the human body,) will not be surprised to learn this painful result, or the fact, from the same testimonial source, that "*the skin was raised by the whip*," and that "*there was a sort of watery matter beneath.*"

Now we have no disposition to dwell upon such a horrific and soul-sickening scene as this; but we must say, that a well-regulated plantation requires no such cruelty—and it strikes us that our Legislature could not do a wiser or humaner thing, than the enactment of a law defining the nature and extent of punishment proper to be inflicted by masters and overseers. There is, we believe, no existing law to cover such a case as that before us, although we have had some capricious *decisions*—one of which, we are informed, most absurdly declared that no master could be hung for the murder of his own slave, because his self-interest was supposed to forbid the *intention* to commit murder, as though passion could never blind the master's perception of self-interest!

A few hours of the time now worse than wasted in the oppression of the *free*, might be very profitably spent in the enactment of a law to protect the *slave*.

Pro-Slavery.

From the West Chester Jeffersonian.

ABBY KELLEY.

During last week, West Chester received a second visit from Abby Kelley, the itinerant declaimer upon abolition, and she blew such a blast as an enraged woman, with a flippant tongue, only can blow. The whole people, in every grade of life, and all varieties of pursuit and profession, all religious sects, both political parties, voting Abolitionists, the doctors, lawyers, mechanics, parsons, editors, Democrats, Whigs, Birney men, Methodists, Baptists, Friends, each in turn received a sound berating, adequate to their great sins. The people of West Chester were made acquainted with a fact which hitherto they had not even suspected—that they were really slaveholders, and upon a par with robbers and murderers—nothing but a pack of hypocrites, mob-makers, and tyrants, whose throats the negroes had a right to rise and cut, ten times as good as our revolutionary ancestors had when they went to war with the English for a slight tax upon tea. On this occasion Abby out-abbyed Abby. She appeared to be laboring under a sense of some grievance, either to her vanity or her cause, which excited her beyond bounds to be accounted for by the behaviour or desserts of her West Chester hearers. We think the fury exhibited here, capable of a plausible solution. In some neighborhoods, the doors of all the buildings are shut in the face of such lecturers, which blunt kind of treatment might well ruffle the temper of a woman not in the least degree a tartar, nor praised as one of the lights of Abolition. But upon the renowned Abby Kelley, such ungallant reception has the effect of throwing her into a blaze of indignation, towering up to such a pitch as to deprive her madness of method and discrimination, so that the very next people who provide accommodations, are apt to receive upon their innocent heads the blasts of that tempest which the misdeeds of others had collected. The people of West Chester, so soundly berated, should still be lenient, because the storm of rain and hail, attended with some lightning and sharp thunder, which was poured down upon their heads by the hour, in all probability was brewed at Marshalton, where she was denied scope and verge—or intended originally, as the tribulation of brimstone and perdition mixed up for the Fallowfield folks who mobbed her, and that jury who cleared them. It was a little unkind, however, to abuse us here in the style she did, when we treated her so kindly, and admired her so much as a pretty looking young woman.

She now has had a full hearing and gone. The question arises, what good do these lectures do? what their tendency and results? In any enlightened, patriotic community, capable of weighing them, they do not appear, and are not calculated to produce any impression other than unfavorable to the arguments and plans advanced, and to the temper, discretion judgment, usefulness and philanthropy of the lecturers themselves. No advance is made in intelligent popular favor—the general expression is, that of decided disapprobation and rebuke. To address the people of the free States in terms of vehement vituperation, on account of the existence of Southern Slavery, and to charge upon them what, in abolition phrase, is called the "sin" of slaveholding, is childish trifling, which argues feelings blinded by fanaticism, or an extent of ignorance respecting the history of the country, and the organization of the Government, which is pitiable, and a disgrace to the reputation of Massachusetts citizens for intelligence. Slavery took root here long ago, when the people were colonists under English dominion, and in its origin, is of European, not American foundation. Persons pretending to instruct the public mind as to the plans of emancipation, should know that the colonies were separate communities, with distinct local Governments, and not possessed, in any stage of their existence, with the slightest right to control their neighbors' civil policy. Further, that the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution of 1789, found and left these communities, then grown to States, completely independent as to the power to extinguish or tolerate Slavery as a domestic institution within her limits. When the free States entered upon a course of emancipation, before Abby Kelley was born, and completed it, and when there exists nowhere among them a disposition to re-establish Slavery, is it not moon-struck madness to address citizens here in her usual strain of denunciation? They have exhausted their power over the subject. To enter at this day upon a course of agitation, is aimless fanaticism—stone blind. Suppose that north of Mason and Dixon's line the Abolitionists elect every Governor, every Senator, every Representative, appoint every Judge, choose every Sheriff, Justice, Constable, and infuse into every man, woman, and child, abolition principles, and make both Government and people clamorous for immediate emancipation: What then? what can be done? how go to work? Will the friends of abolition cross the line in mass and abolish slaveholding? That would be aggression—war—and met as such. Could they reform it away peaceably by law? An act of Congress abolishing Slavery would be null and void—mere waste paper. A State act, directed at Slavery, from the free quarter, would be ridiculous assumption. Either of these sources of power might, with equal pretence, claim to dictate to the slave States their regulations respecting the elective franchise, terms of office, marriage, divorce, tenure of real estate, inheritance of property. Such doctrines subvert the idea of State independence, and would convert one portion of the Union into a tyranny, and the remainder into mere provinces of the Usurper. International law, as well as the more definite principles of constitutional power, denounce such interference as hostile, which may justly invoke the interposition of the public strength for its suppression.

But the non-voting Abolitionists have a remedy peculiar to themselves. They imagine that the Union, because the National Constitution provides for the delivery of fugitive slaves and the suppression of civil commotions, in any quarter, by the general strength, is the main stay of Slavery, and they therefore recommend a dissolution of its bonds. This scheme of disunion has no strength in it; it would prove inefficient as it is wicked. No idea is entertained in the free States of weakening Slavery by inviting over and retaining runaways. Such self-infliction of mischief is not a plausible idea. Laws against the immigration of such species of population have been contemplated, and even enacted. This position relative to fugitives stands upon the solid foundation of the interests of the North, and were we to become disunited, we would raise barriers against the influx of Southern negroes. There is neither room nor disposition to accommodate among us, three millions of strange blacks. And as to the ability conferred on the South by the second provision, to keep their slaves in subjection. Strange idea indeed that the white race, greater in number than the black, possessing the intelligence, the wealth, the military skill, the public force, could not sustain their dominion. Generaled by the Abolition lecturers even, and by Abby Kelley too, as a second Joan of Arc, this degenerate race would fall before the energy of Saxon blood, and Southern enthusiasm.

But the Abolitionists cannot dissolve the Union. It is capable of withstanding ten times their strength. We go further and say it cannot be dissolved.

The homogeneousness of race and political institutions, will bind us.

The recollection of the associated achievement of independence, will bind us.

The configuration of territory, our sea coast, lakes, streams, will bind us.

The counsels of patriots, and the habit of association, will bind us.

The freedom of internal trade, will bind us.

Our interests, our prospects, the hopes for the human family in the extension of civilization and republican institutions, through American progress, will bind us.

And the inherent energies of the National Constitution together with the devoted attachment of the people to it, will bind us.

The inefficiency, the uselessness, not to say mischievousness, wickedness, and petty treason of the Abolition agitation must strike the minds of the lecturers and their adherents, in time, as they now strike the public mind. To destroy the harmony of different members of the Union, and that fraternal feeling which has contributed so much to our benefit and happiness, is a demoniac business. Its day will pass by, and then Abby Kelley, with her attention drawn from public concerns, may marry some Yankee lad, and embrace the more useful and congenial occupation of making butter and attending to household affairs.

From the South Carolinian.

The Sage who desired "to write the songs of a nation, rather than make her laws," was, no doubt, actuated by the same spirit, which has brought forth the following reply of our friend "Carolan" to the correspondent of the United States Gazette, relative to the Hoar affair, which we think is as fair an offset, as we know it is true, to the foul aspersions of one who calls loudly for redress, and can scarcely brook the insult offered to this dignified Abolitionist. Hear the Poet—

"And shall her sons unworthy prove,
Of their great fathers name;
Shall Massachusetts bow the head,
And drink the cup of shame."

We need scarcely inform our readers that "Carolan" is the Rev. Thomas Frean, Surveyor General of South Carolina, and that although his head is whitened over with the frost of years, his heart is as warm in defence of his country as it was in its most youthful days.

A PARODY ON
"MASSACHUSETTS vs. SOUTH CAROLINA."

"And what will Massachusetts do?
Is heard on every hand,
Say! what will Massachusetts do?
Echoes from strand to strand."
We answer, to her own poor slaves
Let her direct her cares,
And bid her hypocrites and knaves,
To mind their own affairs.

For if she look at home she'll see,
In country and in town,
Distress, and want, and misery,
Press tens of thousands down,
And many an outcast seeking where
To rest his weary head,
And many a beggar with a prayer,
For raiment and for bread.

She'll see the haunts of vice abound,
In almost every street,
And sinful meshes spread around
To catch unwary feet;
Religion, which all should profess,
She'll hear proclaimed a jest.
And man assured that deep excess,
Is but the road to rest.

How different is our servants' lot,
With food and raiment blest,
And cotton patch and whitewashed cot,
Which no one dare molest;
And poultry which with honest pride,
The Momma calls her own,
To sell the coming Christmas-tide,
And buy a silken gown.

And see the happy servants met,
Their daily labors o'er,
And with the jest and song they set
The kitchen in a roar,
Or each one take his ebon lass
Beneath the friendly moon,
And foot it gayly on the grass,
And dance to old *Zip Coon*.

"And what will Massachusetts do?
Is heard on every hand,
Say, what will Massachusetts do?
Echoes from strand to strand."
We answer, that our happy slaves,
Need not her anxious cares,
And only ask her arrant knaves,
To mind their own affairs.

COLUMBIA, S.C. CAROLAN.

From the Liberty Press.

LETTER FROM ALVAN STEWART.

NEW-YORK, February 28, 1845.

Mr. Bailey: Sir:—I have just returned from Philadelphia, where I have been a week, at the request of our Liberty friends, who sent for me to make addresses on two successive evenings, the 21st and 22d instant, at the meeting of the Eastern Anti-Slavery Society of the Liberty party of Pennsylvania. The Eastern State Society held a session of two days, and agreed to raise $2,000 for the expenses of the Society this coming year for agents, and a press. They intend forthwith to establish a Liberty press. Also another Liberty press is to be established at Montrose, Pennsylvania. The Liberty party friends in Eastern Pennsylvania have divorced themselves, at last, from Old Organization, no-human Government, no-voting, non-resistant, abstraction men, in theory, but practically pugnacious, slanderous, abusing every prominent Liberty man, calling them thieves and demagogues, asserting the Constitution a diabolical slaveholding instrument, and that unless Slavery is instantly abolished, the Union should be dissolved, and slaves and slaveholders be left together, while every Northern man would be left with a no-human Government Constitution for his protection and direction. Our friends are in great spirits, and full of courage. The non-resistants are furious beyond description. Perhaps there were never two sets of men whose principles of belief and action were further apart. On Friday evening, 21st, I had the honor of addressing one of the largest assemblies I have met in years, on the anti-slavery character of our glorious Constitution. I told them we went for every inch of this grand Republic, Slavery *in* or Slavery *out*, Texas *in* or Texas *out*—and we would, through the ballot-box, at last, overthrow Slavery and bring the nation up to the summit level of man's highest and most exalted capabilities. The evening assembly was held in the Chinese Museum, one hundred and eighty feet long and one hundred feet in width. It was a new era in our cause, and much the largest meeting ever assembled since the destruction of the Pennsylvania Hall.

On Saturday evening I held another meeting in a large church. Our cause is a hundred fold more prosperous than it has ever been before in consequence of the dissolution of the partnership with no-human Government and no-voting.

Your friend,
ALVAN STEWART.

From the Vicksburg Sentinel.

GOING THE RIGHT WAY TO WORK.

A proposition has been made by a gentleman in Paris, on behalf of the slaveholders, in the French West India Islands, to co-operate with the slaveholders of the South, for the purpose of raising funds to print a defence of that system of slave labor, alike identified with the interests of the South and the slaves themselves. This is a very important move on this great question.

In the letter of Mr. Calhoun, to Mr. King, our Minister to France, he shows very clearly, on good English authority, (Blackwood's Magazine for June, 1844,) that England herself has at last opened her eyes to the fact, that in her abolition policy, she has been acting on a mistaken philanthropy towards the slave and against her own interest, in destroying the wealth derived from her tropical productions. Not attempting to retrace her steps, however, England seeks to destroy the advantage which other nations derive from the institution which she abolished. In this enterprise she has the co-operation of a strong party in the Nothern States of this Confederacy. It is the interest of the South, and the French West India Islands, and France herself, to counteract the influences at work to undermine the institution of Slavery, against which the moral and religious feelings of mankind are sought to be arrayed. Let the Southern States, and those countries which have an identity of interests, co-operate, and by publishing correct information, show to the Abolitionists that it is they who are acting on a principle of false philanthropy, in seeking to emancipate the slave from the guardianship of the master.

It is well known, that for years, the literature of England has been filled with Anti-Slavery sentiments—her theologians have long since taken a stand against it, and have operated on the religious feelings of the Christian world, by which they have been heightened into a blind fanaticism, only equalled in the days of persecution and religious intolerance, when men and women were tortured and burnt out of love to God and the cause of Christianity. Scenes of cruelty and barbarity were exhibited in the name of Christianity, from which the wild savage would shrink with disgust. Man does not change his nature—his habits and modes of thinking and acting, only, are changed by the climate, the manners, and customs of the society in which he is placed, and the institutions of Government under which he lives.

The literature of England has been the literature of the United States. They are, and have been, one. The same may be said of religious works in the Northern States—our literary men, with few exceptions, our theologians, and a great portion of the periodical press, stand with England on the subject of Slavery. When we look at the elements which have been at work to array the moral and religious sentiments of the Christian world against this institution, we cannot be surprised at what has taken place, or that the institution should be on the point of giving way before such a combination. Especially when we see at work in our own country, that blind fanaticism, which, in the name of religion, is leading men to plunge blindly on regardless of the rights of property, the interest of their country—the peace of society, or even the welfare of that class for whose emancipation they are laboring. A counter revolution of sentiment, based on correct views of the actual condition of the slave under the guardianship of the owner, is the only remedy. In starting this revolution, the existence of a moral or political evil in the system cannot be granted to our adversaries as heretofore. We are glad to see that the first step to bring about this counter revolution has been taken. The peace and the safety of the Southern States demand it.

From the Christian Freeman.

Mr. Burleigh:—I hail the Christian Freeman as a messenger of truth. It has taken the right position, and is doing much to hasten the overthrow of the foul system of American Slavery. The sentiments advocated in the Freeman, meet a hearty response in a large portion of the Northern Church. Her ministers and members are coming up to the work. Her progress has no doubt been retarded by that body of professed Abolitionists who have sometimes been charged, (whether truly or falsely,) with infidel principles:—and who have cried long and loud—"Down with the brotherhood of thieves—down with the Church, hypocritical in profession, infamous in practice,—(if not the mother, the nurse, the life-blood, the bulwark of Slavery)—down with the Constitution—down with all human legislation, and legislators, scoundrels, knaves, and villains.

Sir—Even true charges, when accompanied with foul epithets, and scurrilous names, are not apt to produce repentance, or work reformation—and when accompanied with false charges, and coming from a covered position, always makes bad matters worse.

I very much rejoice that that fast-growing and respectable body of ABOLITIONISTS, known and felt as a third political party, have fully, openly, and frankly avowed their principles, their motives, and their measures. True to their pledge, sound in their faith, pointed, yet courteous in their language, faithful and energetic in their action, they cannot fail of success. They will exert an influence on the nation, which will shake down the giant-house of Slavery.

R. B. E.

HOWARD'S VALLEY, February 26, 1845.

Selections.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

MR. WEED'S LETTERS FROM ST. CROIX.

ST. CROIX, W. I. Dec. 30, 1844.

The sugar cane is just now ripening for the sickle, or rather the early fields invite the sickle, for fields ripen in succession, so that sugar making continues some four or five months, from the middle of December. And the process of harvesting and planting goes on simultaneously. Fields adjoining those in which cane is growing, are broken up and prepared during the summer and fall, for planting during the harvest season. The ground is raised in ridges, resembling, somewhat, our celery beds. When the cane is ripe, its tops are first cut as feed for the cattle and mules. Then a piece of the cane, four or five inches in length, above that portion which contains the saccharine fluid, is cut and planted crossways in the furrow, and from this stalk the succeeding crop shoots up, or rather, the succeeding crops, for three, four, and even five successive crops, in as many consecutive years, are taken from each planting. The cane itself is then cut, gathered into shocks, and carried upon mules' backs to the mills.

There are about one hundred and fifty plantations upon the Island, several of which are owned by the King of Denmark, and most of the others by Scotchmen, Irishmen, Englishmen, or Americans, who, from one cause or another, have incidentally found themselves sugar planters. The largest portion of the estates, I am told, fell into the hands of the present owners as payment of moneys loaned upon them. We were accustomed, some twenty or thirty years ago, to see dashing West India nabobs in our cities and at our watering places, whose doubloons were as plenty as our dollars. Such demonstrations, however, gave a most unreal impression of the wealth of these islands. The planters, or their sons, who were then gay as butterflies, had but the butterfly's brief existence. They were not spending merely the earnings of their estates, but improvidently loading those estates with debts, which have since swallowed them up. The plantations were greatly diminished in value. Estates which, twenty years ago, paid an interest on from $150,000 to $200,000, have since been sold for $50,000 and $75,000. Benjamin DeForrest & Co. of New-York, are the owners of two plantations, one of which (Bethlehem) is among the most valuable and productive on the Island.

Formerly, coffee and cotton were, to some extent, cultivated here, but as the sugar crop yielded best, the attention of planters has been given wholly to the production of cane. It is said that a well managed estate, in a good season, will support its slaves from its rum and molasses, leaving its sugar as a net income to the proprietor.

Slavery, as it exists here, has been stripped of many of its horrors. The Danish monarch seems to have exerted a parental care over the slaves. Nor have the Representatives of his Majesty been remiss in carrying out these philanthropic instructions. And, from the opportunities I have had to obtain information, it would be unjust to the planters themselves, not to admit that they yield a cheerful obedience to the benevolent directions of the Government, by promoting, as far as possible, the welfare and happiness of their slaves. Those, therefore, who are, in the honeyed language of our Constitution, "held to service and labor" upon this Island, enjoy all the protection and privileges which are compatible to these "peculiar institutions." The present Governor, NAN SHOLTON, who acts, it is said, under the particular auspices of the Queen, listens attentively to all complaints from slaves, and when such complaints are well founded, is sure to see them redressed.

The hours of labor are fixed by a royal edict. Work commences half an hour before sunrise, or rather the plantation bell rings at that time, so that the gangs may be mustered and ready for work at sunrise. From 7 to 8 o'clock A. M. is given for breakfast, and from 12 to 2 o'clock P. M. is allotted for dinner and repose. At sunset, field labor ceases, but after that the slaves are required to take care of the mules, cattle, sheep, &c. Planters in the same manner are required to furnish each slave with two suits of clothes annually, consisting only, I believe, of a shirt and pantaloons for the males, and corresponding garments for the females. They generally, however, get presents of woolen caps on New Year's day. Their allowance of food is fixed by law. Each slave is allowed six quarts of corn meal, and a quantity of Danish herring per week. They are entitled also to their patches of garden ground, and what is more important, they are exempted from service on Saturday of each week, when portions of them work their own grounds, while others carry the products of these grounds to market. In this way they furnish themselves with some of the (to them) luxuries of life.

Punishments, too, are in like manner regulated, as will be seen by an order issued by the Governor, dated 17th May, 1838: "The chastisement with tamarind whips or rods, on the bared body, is henceforth abolished on all estates, and the owners, administrators, or managers are authorized, in cases where corporeal chastisement may be necessary, to inflict with a tamp, and which tamp will be delivered from the police office for a reasonable payment. A male is only to be given twelve, and a female six stripes, the men across the shoulders, and the women as heretofore, but over two garments. The latter should as rarely as possible, receive this chastisement on estates, oftener than twice a week." This order farther provides, that solitary confinement on bread and water may be inflicted by owners, managers, &c.; but when the offence is of a nature to require more exemplary punishment, the slave must be taken to the police. No chastisement is permitted in the field, unless it becomes necessary to preserve order, and then not to exceed two lashes. Other punishment must be inflicted after breakfast, in the presence of the whole gang, by the overseer, but under the eyes of the owner, administrator, or manager.

There is also a Government regulation which enables all slaves, who, by their industry and frugality lay up money enough to purchase their freedom, to obtain this boon for a reasonable sum. If, in such cases, the slave deems the value fixed by the master, too high, the authorities, upon the application of the slave, appoints two appraisers, by whose valuation the master is compelled to abide. But the interference of the authorities, I learn, is seldom invoked, owners generally being willing to encourage and stimulate efforts of this nature, by fixing a fair and attainable price for self-ransom.

But the last and most important, as well as most philanthropic interposition of the Government for meliorating the condition of the slave, is found in the order requiring the establishment of schools throughout the Island. The King has imposed a tax upon the planters of £20,000 annually, for the erection and support of schoolhouses and schools, to which all children belonging to them are required to be sent from the fifth to the ninth year of their age. This secures four years of instruction to every child "held to service," &c. upon the Island. A petition, signed by some of the planters, though opposed by a majority of them, asked the King to extend the term for attending schools another year, so that children may get five instead of four years instruction. The teachers, many of whom are young men of color, receive $300 per annum. The schoolhouses are large, airy, well lighted, and so located as to be easy of access to all the plantations. Sunday schools for adults, as well as for children, have been established, and are well attended throughout the Island. The common schools have been in operation but three years. The measure of their usefulness, therefore, is not yet full; but the wholesome fruits of education are ripening. No one need be told that "the schoolmaster is abroad" here. It is apparent in all you see of the slave. Education, however limited and imperfect in degree and character, exerts its blessed influences upon human nature. Wherever imparted, it creates, in the recipient, a new existence. We but half live without education. Rational existence commences with the development of the intellectual faculties, and the pathway of life is light and cheerful, or dark and dreary, as those faculties are improved or neglected.

The planters derive benefits beyond the consciousness of having contributed to the intellectual improvement of an unfortunate race, in the character and habits of their slaves. The good effects of the Day and Sunday schools are felt in various ways. There are but few human beings upon whom generosity and kindness are lost. These slaves appreciate their privileges, and manifest their gratitude by their general good conduct, and by their diligence and alacrity in the field. The planters are gainers rather than losers, by all that has been done to ease the burden of the slaves. They find that an intellectual being is worth more, in every sense, than the mere animal. Their usefulness increases with their knowledge. All this is so apparent, that the planters, though their school tax, added to other burdens, is onerous, pay it cheerfully.

From the Newtown Journal.

ABBY KELLEY'S LECTURES AT NEWTOWN.

I noticed in the Journal of last week, among other objections made by the editor to this eloquent and self-sacrificing friend of the slave, one founded on the consideration of her sex! It appears, according to the taste of the editor, that the "female character is bereft of half its charms when unadorned with the garb of delicacy!"—and I have no objection to the sentiment. But perhaps a different view might be given in its application to the case before us. It seems the editor's delicacy was shocked by the lecturer "giving herself so much latitude in speaking of the licentiousness consequent upon Slavery, before so large and promiscuous an assembly"—although he acknowledges his "conviction that her SENSE OF DUTY is too strong for her SENSE OF PROPRIETY!" It would be enough to close a review of such criticism as this, by asking the editor which of the two SENSES our friend is bound to obey, as a conscientious teacher of moral and religious truth? If he acknowledges the former, he might have saved himself the trouble of animadversion which involves such an inconsistency! But possibly the editor's TASTE steps in to decide the question, and his partiality for the "amiable weaknesses" of the sex, may, according to HIS SENSE of propriety, dictate that a virtuous and "enchanting" female should keep silence in relation to the greatest wrong and outrage that can possibly be committed on her sex—and under which one million and a half of NATIVE AMERICAN women are abandoned, without even the show of protection! Surely when the PROFESSED ADVOCATES of this unprotected portion of our country-women,—keep their mouths closed in relation to this horrid aggravation of brutality!—a woman may be allowed to speak, even to a "promiscuous assembly,"—with perfect freedom, of the greatest wrong which can possibly be offered to her mind or person—

Shall she behold unheeding
Life's holiest feelings crushed!
When woman's heart is bleeding!
Shall woman's voice be hushed?

From the above view, it then appears to me that, under existing circumstances, when even our native American editors dare not raise their voices in behalf of the millions of native American women who are openly exposed to the grossest "licentiousness consequent on Slavery"—Abby ought not only to be justified, but even commended in her present course, even supposing that certain GENTLEMEN in attendance might have their delicacy shocked by such unfeminine exposure! But I deny that there was any want of genuine delicacy manifested on the occasion to which reference has been made, either in the terms used, or in the manner of treating the subject, both of which were appropriate and dignified; and all objectionable language avoided. Its plainness might sound harshly on the ears of certain prudish GENTLEMEN!—but such would not be the impressions of any noble minded and truly virtuous female whose indignation had been awakened at the contemplation of the brutal wrongs which are hourly inflicted on the myriads of her unprotected country-women!

I had intended saying a word respecting the position of the American Church and clergy, as exhibited by Abby Kelley at Newtown—but I have thought best to omit this part of the justification of our friend's course. For the above I request a place in the Journal,—and this is asked for, merely as an act of justice.

W. H. J.

BUCKINGHAM, 2d month 21st, 1845.

We take pleasure in publishing anything in palliation or justification of the conduct of the fair orator above alluded to—especially in vindication of her delicacy—an attribute so necessary to command respect in the female character. We would sooner acknowledge ourself a "prudish gentleman," and incorrect in judgment, as well as taste, than accuse a lady with a want of refinement, even in the most delicate manner, unless we deemed it necessary in order to discourage a very striking violation of propriety. Our reviewer fancies that our acknowledgment that Miss Kelley's sense of duty is too strong for her sense of propriety, is "enough to close a review of such criticism as this by asking the editor which of the two SENSES our friend is bound to obey, as a conscientious teacher of moral and religious truth." This question, on which the gentleman plumes himself so complaisantly, we should have to answer very superficially to serve his purpose; yet we think his view of this matter is unfortunately an error into which anti-slavery lecturers in general have fallen. We are inclined to believe they are mostly influenced by a sense of duty, but by bidding adieu to all sense of propriety they fail to make a good impression on the public mind—they are comparatively inefficient—if, indeed, they do not create prejudice against the cause they have espoused. The world has suffered much from blind conscientious zeal. The faculty of conscientiousness is very important, it is true, but we are endowed with other faculties by which it should be modified, and on which its manifestation for good or evil depends. Common sense is a desideratum, and this depends on the proper activity and due influence of all the mental faculties. The profitable results of a sense of duty arise from a sense of propriety, or a proper conception of the fitness of the means adopted, or a common-sense practical view of things. Our reviewer aims an incidental blow at us, in his chivalrous vindication of his fair and eloquent friend—charges us with cowardice, inefficiency, and indifference in relation to the wrongs of Slavery. Well, if our courage, interest, and power can only be exhibited by eternally scolding, and execrating everything and everybody, except those who join in the dolorous concert of denunciation—we hope we may ever remain obnoxious to this charge. But if we have neither the capacity nor disposition to waste our breath or shed our ink in worse than useless defamation—we claim to have been active and vigilant in our endeavors to get the voice of the majority of our fellow-citizens recorded against the extension and perpetuation of Slavery, and the increased horrors of the internal slave-trade—accelerated as it will be by the annexation of Texas—and we expect to lament, as long as we live, the defeat of our object through the influence of those who claim to be the exclusive friends of the slave. The poor suffering bondman has reason to cry aloud, in tones of despair, "SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS." Our reviewer denies "that there was any want of genuine delicacy manifested on the occasion to which reference has been made." We were careful to account for and excuse the remarks and allusions of the lady, without impugning her character, by attributing what we thought OBJECTIONABLE to her zealous devotion to duty—we would be more charitable still, indeed we do believe, in all sincerity, that her refined sensibility is severely shocked in view of the "licentiousness consequent on slavery;" and that her allusions to it, "before large and promiscuous assemblies," involves the most painful sacrifice she feels it her duty to make. We feel quite tenacious of the delicacy of the character of the better half of our race—because our reverence for them, which is to us a source of the purest pleasure, depends upon this enchanting peculiarity.

From the Evening Mirror.

TEXAS.

Nobody shoots well, who does not put more force to his arrow than will just reach the mark. We have asked, of one of the best minds we know, its frank view of the Texas question, and we give it in its proper force, without comment or qualification:—

SIR,—You requested my views on the subject of Texas, but I have time at present for only a very meagre outline. To the North it presents two questions—increase of wealth and diminution of political power; and to the South increase of political power to the whole, and decrease of wealth to a part. In the event of Annexation, it becomes to a somewhat greater extent than it would otherwise be, a customer for Northern productions and manufactures; to the more remote South it becomes sooner injurious as a rival producer. This consequence of Annexation is, however, rated highly by neither party. Texas is wanted by the South to strengthen its political weight, and especially to give preponderance to the slave power. The acquisition of Texas would add to the Union a territory equal to one-half the present slave territory of the United States; and when we consider the extremely rapid settlement of the Southwestern States—Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana—we may not unreasonably conclude that an addition nearly corresponding to the extent of country would speedily be made to the political weight of the southern section of the Union. This the Southern people, ever more ambitious than calculating, ardently desire.

The North looks, and should look, not merely to the present in this matter. She sees, and should see, *in the annexation of Texas the annexation of Mexico*. Not a reason has been or can be urged for the one, which cannot and will not be urged for the other, province after province. If the South is strong enough of herself to force Texas into the Union, she will be strong enough, *with* Texas, to add Coahuila; and, in fact, to do *anything* she may desire. New acquisitions will of course be made in the Southwest, by precisely the same means by which this acquisition is made. They will be made with more ease. They will have prescription and precedent in their favor, and actual added strength with which to accomplish it. The North, in assenting to this, assents to the indefinite extension of Slavery, and the slave power of the Southwest. She has, or has had, the power to hinder it; that power she has lost, or seems about to part with. Never did a State seal more effectually its own political damnation.

What is peculiar about this movement is, that it is the work of successive administrations. General Jackson, and those who have "trodden in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessor," have followed this object through successive administrations with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause. "The Old Roman" has in no respect shown himself more a Roman, than in hankering after enlarged boundaries for the Republic. And he has at last, as we suppose, accomplished it; and the inheritors of his opinions will, unquestionably, by the very same means, push on acquisitions, (which, under whatever name are a virtual *conquest*,) to the limits of the northern half of the Western continent. Many of the advocates of Annexation already declare this, and exult in the prospect.

Our own decided opinion is, that this act, if consummated, sows the seed for the dissolution of the Union. The conscience of the North is decidedly opposed to the extension of Slavery under the auspices of the Union. The immediate formation of an Anti-Union party may be expected as the result. The materials of such a party are at hand, and it will be a powerful, and, ultimately, in our belief, a successful one. The degradation of extending the limits of Slavery by the direct act of this Government, over the Southwestern portion of North America, beginning with Texas and ending with the Isthmus of Panama, cannot and will not be submitted to by the northern section of the country. It is declared, and, in the full confidence of conviction, by members, that the act itself dissolves the Union. It is such a violation of the fundamental principles of the compact, that the parties are no longer bound by it. The North originally consented that the slave property should have a certain representation in the Congress of the United States. *That slave property now sends twenty or more members to Congress.* The North never consented, never *will* consent, that this slave property representation of twenty or more members should *add to itself*, from a country then and now foreign, a representation of ten, and ultimately of twenty more members. Southern power has engrossed the administration ever since the formation of the Government. Texas, with Mexico at its heels, introduced virtually, as every candid man will acknowledge, by the influence of the Administration, and as the best informed men believe, in palpable violation of the forms as well as

of the spirit of the Constitution, will enable the South to engross the Legislative Department as well as the Executive. To this state of things the North cannot tamely submit. It is impossible. If the South does recede and give up Texas, it will by this act have made the Union a nullity, and the formal dissolution of it at no distant event.

Communications.

LETTER FROM CLARKSON.

[CONCLUDED.]

To such professing Christians in the Northern States of America as have had no practica. concern with slaveholding, and have never sanctioned it by defending it; and to such, also, as have never visited the Southern States:

From the preceding quotation we learn, that before the Act of 1740, masters were known to have cut out the tongues of their slaves; put out their eyes; and otherwise mutilate them, (and this with impunity,) for the act was brought forward to put a stop to such barbarous practices. In that year, however, it was thought right for the first time to subject the perpetrators of such deeds to a fine of one hundred pounds current money, as some little check to their cruelty; but from that year to this, now more than one hundred years, no other alteration has been made, so that any master of a malignant disposition, may at this present day cut out the tongue of his slave, or cut off a limb from his body, if he is willing to pay the penalty of one hundred pounds currency. But there is another law, namely, *that the testimony of a black man cannot be admitted against a white;* in consequence of which a master may mutilate his slave, even now, in any way he pleases, and even now *wilfully murder him*, and yet go unpunished, and even without any penalty or fine. "A white man may," says Judge Stroud, "with impunity, if no other white be present, torture, main and even murder his slave in the midst of any number of negroes and mulattoes. The master or his delegates may easily remove the slave to a spot safe from the information of a competent witness."—p. 66.

Such, then, is the picture of Slavery, where it is carried on to its utmost rigor. There are some wretches, I hope but few, who carry it on to its utmost extent, but all *may* do it, if they are so inclined, so long as the Act of 1740, of South Carolina, remains unrepealed, and so long as the refusal of a black man's evidence against a white man continues to be valid; and here let me give my testimony of applause to Judge Stroud, who, though he has said nothing positively, as far as I have yet seen, as to his opinion on the propriety of abolishing Slavery, has yet taken every opportunity as a Christian, of pleading for the poor slave, by boldly censuring those laws which bear the most heavily upon him, and which are a disgrace to a civilized people. But some one may say, that this picture is too highly colored. I deny the charge, and the Judge will bear me out in this denial; and as Slavery is the source of the greatest human suffering, so I shall now show, in a few words, that it is the greatest source of crime. Slavery is not a single crime of itself, but a complication of crimes. It is the parent of a greater number of crimes, and these of a more aggravated nature, (and each of them is a sin of itself in the sight of God,) than any other that has been yet known in the world. The slaveholder, of course, is a greater sinner than any other criminal. In the first place he is a robber. He robs the slave of his liberty for life; and this kind of robbery was so much more criminal than any other in the sight of God, that he commanded Moses to punish it with death. The slaveholder also robs his slave of his nature, by proclaiming to all the world that he is only a beast, or a chattel, or a thing, and using and treating him as such. He robs him, again, of his wages, which crime the men of God in the Scriptures reprobate more frequently and severely than any other. He stands, again, at the head of the list of all the monsters for cruelty, whose feet ever polluted the earth: witness his apparatus of the thumb-screw, and the various other instruments of torture, all calculated in cool blood to produce the greatest sufferings. He is again, at times, a murderer, either by the deaths following soon after correction, or by slow and lingering deaths occasioned by excessive labor, scanty food, and cruel usage from time to time. May I not add to the list of his crimes, rape and adultery by wholesale upon the female slaves, either by himself or overseer, which are constantly going on, on some one plantation or another? and this reminds me of a fact of singular profligacy. White, or nearly white, persons are now and then seen working among the slaves, and who are these? They are the produce of the illicit connections of white masters or overseers with the female black or mulatto slaves, and these being the offspring of slave mothers become slaves themselves, by law. Here, then, we have another instance of hardened depravity, of a man either selling his own children as slaves, or of retaining his own children, when born in slavery, to work with his other slaves, without any difference in the treatment.

And now, my friends, having made known to you the treatment of the slaves in your own land, and shown by arguments not to be refuted, that they are, though different in color, of the same nature as ourselves, I ask you, whether such treatment, as I have described, ought to be allowed to exist in any country, but particularly in your own, which boasts of *extraordinary liberty*, without raising your voices or bearing your testimony against it? Addressing you as professing Christians, and as having as yet had no connection with Slavery, I am sure you will say, that such practices ought no longer to be continued, not only because you ought to set your faces against injustice and oppression of every sort, but because you would not wish your deluded countrymen to fall under the Divine vengeance, holding, as they sinfully do, between two and three millions of their fellow-creatures in a cruel and interminable bondage. Do you think that God will suffer his righteous laws to be trodden under foot, or such a mass of misery and crime to go much longer unpunished? To suppose this would be to call in question his character as the moral Governor of the world. He, God, bore long with the people of Tyre and Sidon of old as he has borne with your countrymen for similar iniquities, but at length he destroyed the former by fire and sword, so that having been among the richest cities in the world, they are now only poor fishing-villages; and the chief reason given by the prophet Joel for their destruction was, that they were notorious beyond all others for carrying on the slave-trade. He may, perhaps, delay his vengeance a little longer upon the inhabitants of your land, till they have filled up the measure of their iniquity, and this may be, perhaps, when that most barbarous project, the Annexation of Texas to the United States is completed.

But, my dear friends, it is not only to avert the Divine vengeance, that I exhort you to raise your voices against American Slavery, but for the moral welfare of your children, and the character of your country, both of which are in jeopardy at this moment. You must put an end to Slavery or expect a reaction, in some way or other. Can you expect that such enormities as I have now described, should not be attended with corresponding baneful effects, or indeed, without some convulsive moral shock? The slaveholder's conduct in the South reacts upon himself to his own injury. By his daily familiarity with cruelty, he becomes a hardened tyrant. By his daily familiarity with injustice he is lost to the common notions of equity. "Slavery," says Judge Stroud, (p. 81,) "violates every man's notions of right." By his constant, familiar opposition to revelation, where it thwarts his views and practice, he becomes at length an Infidel. But the character the most injurious to his own comfort, and that of his own family and to religion, is the haughtiness and great irritability of temper which slaveholding produces. These lead to quarrels and other disastrous consequences. The editor of the *Liberator*, (Boston paper, September 6,) gives a frightful list of rencontres, duels, &c. under the head of the "murderous South." He says, as he does not take in the Southern papers, he does not give one half of the atrocities committed there in a week, and then proceeds thus:—"Our list, (of murders,) frightful as it is to contemplate, (here he gives the list, for which I have no room,) is quite imperfect. What a horrible state of society must exist at the South. What a terrible retribution is Slavery bringing upon her! Nowhere is human life so cheaply appreciated, and therefore so insecure, as in her blood-stained soil. Her people go armed with pistols and bowie-knives in self-defence, and the result is, daily rencontres of a most sanguinary character. In view of these things, who but the infatuated or fiendish will say, "Let us add Texas to the Union?"

I may now observe, that there has long been a great intercourse between the men of the South and the men of the North, in consequence of relationship, or friendship, or trade. The Southerners, as they are called, carry with them, of course, their immoral and infidel sentiments wherever they go, and make it their business to proselyte. There has long been a great change, in consequence of this intercourse, in the once virtuous inhabitants of the Northern States for the worse. They have adopted, very many of them, the opinions and sentiments of the demoralized people of the South, with respect to Slavery. First, they look upon the poor negro as *an inferior being, or an animal*. This is proved by every day's experience; actually and literally proved; and the proof lies in the contempt in which they hold him in society. They will not shake hands with him, nor sit down with him in the same room, nor travel with him in the same car or cabin, but he is put in a corner by himself. They have adopted the notion that he is of a different race from themselves. Now every man who entertains this opinion, *denies revelation*, and what has been the consequence? They who can make up their minds to disbelieve one portion of the Word of God, will very soon be in the way to disbelieve other parts of it; and this is now the case. The character of the people of the South has long been that of *hardened infidels*, who fear not God, and have no regard for religion; and this depreciation of religion has gained ground to a certain fearful extent in the Northern States, and this, entirely in consequence of their intercourse with the slaveholders and others of the South, and in consequence of their adoption of slave notions, so that they are not the virtuous people they once were.

We have a public proof of this frightful change or declension of morals, in a fact which occurred about two years ago: I mean that whole States in your part of the world were so lost to honor and justice, as to have *unblushingly, in the face of all Europe, repudiated their public debt*, to the breaking up of whole families in this country (England) which lived before in comfort. The people of these States must have been *almost totally lost to the common sense of right and wrong* before they could have brought their minds to such a disgraceful determination. Look to the fact alone, (of repudiation,) and tell me whether any man of common sense can deny that America has not begun to lose her once fair character, and whether the sun of her glory may not be said to have begun to set? She has been the derision of all Europe, and I foresee, that if Slavery should continue to spread, either by the annexation of Texas, or an extensive opening of new lands, (seeing that wherever Slavery exists a horrible demoralization follows,) a time will come when the Americans will not only not be acknowledged any longer *among the civilized nations of the earth*, but be looked upon as *civilized barbarians*.

The foregoing instance of the repudiation of the public debt, it is important to know, because it contains perhaps as many as some thousand cases of individual degeneracy from former character. But, though I allow that there are in America as pure Christians as in any other part of the world, I cannot conceal that there are yet other ideible marks in various parts of the Union, of a great declension of morals, and particularly among the lower orders of the people. Permit me here just to glance at the cool-blooded murder, by a mob, of two fanatics, Mormonites, in a jail in Illinois; the two desperate and disgraceful riots, and scenes of carnage, for days together, at Philadelphia by other mobs; the setting fire to halls and houses at New-York and other places, merely because public meetings were to be held there in behalf of the much-injured colored citizens: and the wicked practice of lynch-law. The sovereign people, as they are called, take away life at pleasure on the whim of the moment, without a trial, and without evidence, judge, or jury. Murder and disobedience of the laws seem to them to be no crime. No such public acts of depravity take place in civilized Europe. It has been left to the Americans alone to exhibit such outrages to the world. And here I am sorry to find that lynch-law is a practice which does not occur only now and then, but is of frequent occurrence. The Mormonite murder by a mob has been just related. Since the time of that event, I have seen two other such murders by mobs in the American newspapers, but unfortunately I did not put them down in my memorandum-book so as to be able to state circumstances. Another American paper arrived only this last week, in which is found another murder exactly of the same kind of the Mormonite. It is very shortly narrated thus, by the *Liberator* of September 6: "On the 5th ultimo, (says that paper,) a mob of Frederick town, Madison county, broke open the jail, with axes, crowbars, &c. and took out a man, Abraham Smith, under sentence of death, for murder, and hung him on a tree near the jail." Now it is to be observed that Smith would have been executed in a few days; there was, therefore, no motive for hanging him on the plea, that a murderer would otherwise have escaped punishment. The act, then, must be considered as an act of wanton barbarity, thirst for blood, and a determined defiance of the law. In the *Liberator* of the 6th and 13th of September, no less than eighteen deaths are recorded by rencontres, duel, stabbing with a dirk or bowie-knife, and by shooting; and that the reader may have some idea of the frequency of these atrocities, I will relate one of the instances mentioned. "Mr. T. T. Turk, (says the Osage Yeoman, of Polk county, an American paper,) was shot from his horse, a few miles from his own residence, and instantly killed," the consequence of a quarrel. "This is the third member of that fated family, who has been shot down in the road, the father and two sons. One of the brothers was killed in a rencontre, and the father, Col. Turk, and the son of whom we now speak, were shot by persons in ambush." Now I ask any person, who has read the above disgraceful instances, beginning with the act of repudiation, whether the Americans are to be accounted other than a people, more especially in the South, almost at the lowest ebb in point of morals. O, fathers of families! if you regard the welfare of your children, hasten to extirpate Slavery from your land, or allow not your offspring to live in such a polluted atmosphere.

I am at a loss to conceive how such a savage practice as that of lynch-law could have originated. The mobs of America have had no example before them in their own country, that they should have been led to such practices. They have there, fair trials for their fellow-citizens, during which, witnesses are heard, juries determine, and a Judge pronounces sentence. This singular proceeding may have been perhaps the offspring of that *general infidelity*, which has defiled the United States, for men who have no knowledge or fear of God, follow their own devices without any consideration of right or wrong, and are ready to carry into execution any mischievous thought which comes suddenly into their heads. But I rather think, that it may be accounted for in the fact, that the lower orders have caught the practices, as we know that they have caught the wicked sentiments and opinions, of the slaveholders; and that they have a pattern for all they do in the way of injustice in the plantations, where offence is in a moment taken by the master or overseer at the conduct of some poor slave, whether right or wrong, and is in the same moment immediately punished. Lynch-law is, in fact, a *plantation* practice; and I am the more inclined to this opinion, because some of the wicked schemes or bills which have been proposed to and adopted by the American Congress, though they have not had the appearance of any connection whatever with Slavery, have *originated in Slavery alone*. Take the following instances. First, the wars with the poor Indians, with the horrible view of utter extermination, is a blot on the American character; but why was this butchery ever thought of? because it was supposed that their tribes lived so near to the plantations of the slaveholders, that the latter might be disturbed, and a refuge might be afforded for their fugitive slaves, but if Slavery had not existed in the United States, no such a pretext could have been set up. Again, Congress, some time ago, passed the famous gagging bills, and gave power to the postmasters to open letters, that no man might speak with impunity against Slavery; but if there had been no Slavery, no bills of this sort could have been thought of. Again, the annexation of Texas to the Union was proposed to Congress,—one of the most diabolical schemes ever invented; and why was this? That the slaveholders might have a contiguous territory, where their poor fugitives from oppression could find no shelter, but be sent back for punishment, and that the whip, and the chain, and the iron collar, and the thumb-screw, might be carried to other lands, and be perpetuated at home forever; but if there had been no Slavery in America, no scheme for the admission of Texas into the Union would or could have been thought of. You have now seen, my friends, how the pernicious notions of the South, all arising out of Slavery, have passed into the North, and demoralized a part of the population there, as well as of other parts of the Union, and how infidelity has spread among the lower orders of the people, as well as among the higher and middle ranks. I beseech you, therefore, on account of the rising generation, to be upon your guard. The moral contagion just spoken of *is at your doors*. Keep your children out of its reach, or out of the way of poisonous connections. Never let the *word Slavery* be mentioned in their hearing without reprobation, and give them a sound religious education. There is no other way, if Slavery is to last, than this, of making them pass safely through the approaching storm.

I shall now close my letter with a few remarks; and, first, I ask, what is the cause of all the evils to which you, my friends, have been subjected, as far as Slavery is concerned? When the revolutionary war was over, a great question came before the Convention, namely, whether Slavery, which had been introduced into your country by the British Government, should be continued there, and the result was a *shameful compromise*, "by which," says Judge Stroud, "in an evil hour (an evil hour, indeed) the *important advantage* was conceded to the slaveholding States, of including within the enumeration of inhabitants, by which the ratio of representation was to be ascertained, three-fifths of those who were held in slavery," and, "by which the large non-slaveholding States, such as New-York and Pennsylvania, *obtained not even a nominal equivalent*." Hence arose all those evils you have had so much to deplore, for by this unjust compromise the people of the North, who were a religious people from their first settlement in America, were passed over, and the slaveholders of the South, who were noted only for *their tyranny and injustice, got the government of the country into their own hands*. Well might Judge Stroud call the time when this was done an evil hour; for it made to America, having an anomalous population of black and white, of bond and free, all the difference in the world as to who were to be her rulers, whether men who had been accustomed to slave habits and injustice all their lives, or men who had not been contaminated by Slavery. From this time the political preponderance of the South over the North in the ruling powers began to take place, and the southern people to govern both States and both sorts of the inhabitants; and they have kept up this political ascendancy to the present day.

And now, my friends of the North, I will ask you, what have you gained by this unjust compromise? I will tell you. You have gained a slaveholding President, a slaveholding Senate, a slaveholding Congress, and a slaveholding Cabinet. You have got the very sort of men in these high offices, whom you ought to have kept out of them, the sort of men the most detrimental to your true interests, to the preservation of your original Constitution, and to the character of your country.

I ask, again, "And what have the men who were elected to these high offices done for you?" I answer, "From what has already appeared in these sheets, not only nothing, but worse than nothing." Their rule should be named misrule. Everything has been sacrificed to *uphold Slavery*. If the very best measure for your interests were proposed to Congress, it could not be carried if it *interfered with Slavery*; and if the very worst for your interests were proposed there, it could not be prevented, if it would give to slavery a lift. You have been kept in bondage by your own representatives. Nothing to be sure could be more audacious and despotic than the introduction of those bills which put a stop to the liberty of speech, and to a man's writing his own sentiments, by giving to postmasters the power of opening letters which should come into their office. England has her faults. She has, perhaps, gone back to a certain degree in her practical principles of liberty, but yet every man there may utter whatever he pleases, except high treason. If he slanders his neighbor, he is amenable to the law. All letters are held sacred there, and yet no doubt all Governments open letters occasionally where they have suspicion of something wrong, but only occasionally, and not like yours, which gives an unlimited power of search. The discovery made in this country a few months ago, that a foreign letter had been opened by a Secretary of State, occasioned a general burst of national feeling. A Parliamentary inquiry was instituted, and every one was anxious to clear himself from the charge of an abuse of trust, the report of which rung through both houses of Parliament and the kingdom. I ask you again, for the last time, whether you think you will be better off in future by a change of men in office while this preponderance exists? While it lasts, you will have the *same sort* of men (slaveholders) in office, and of course the *same sort* of wicked measures, and the *same sort of evils*. What, indeed, can you hope for from a slaveholding Cabinet,—a Cabinet of men who appear to have no fear of God before their eyes, and whose motto seems to be, "Expediency, in preference of honor and honesty," and who have been accustomed to look upon the sin of Slavery as a common custom only, and without reproach? Will God smile upon the labors of such men? or will he not rather take vengeance?

I have now, my dear friends, fully considered the subject, and the result of such consideration has been, that I see but two ways of accomplishing our great object, and at the same time extricating you from your present degraded position. You must either *separate yourselves* from all political connection with the South, and make your own laws; or, if you do not choose such a separation, you must break up the political preponderance or ascendancy, which the Southern have had for so long a time over the Northern States, that the former may no longer be the rulers of the land as being unfit for the office. You, who live upon the spot, will best know the means of doing this. I cannot, however, help saying, that if you would make a point of conversing each with his friend and neighbor, and of trying to convince him on the subject, you would be doing something towards the promotion of the object; and by appointing committees for the distribution of proper books, and the calling of public meetings, you would be doing more. You should also always bear in mind, that whenever any office is vacant, which is to be filled up by election, no slaveholding candidate should be returned; and in all those elections, which relate to the Presidency or seats for Congress, but particularly to the latter, every nerve should be exerted to keep out the man who will not pledge himself to vote against Slavery. And here I beseech you never to let it enter into your heads, that the task which I have recommended to you, is impracticable. No good effort is ever lost. I have been informed by several American gentlemen, who were under my roof this last summer, that if the *people of the North* were to determine upon the abolition of Slavery, and were to be *heart and hand in earnest, Slavery must fall*; and I am inclined to think, that this may be so; for, though the Southern States have great advantages in consequence of the unjust compromise on the settlement of the Constitution, yet when we know that thousands in the North have lately flocked to our standard, and that there are yet thousands there of rational, independent men, who have hitherto taken no part in the question, and who are yet left free for conviction, there can be no reason for despair. And now having thrown all the light I can on this interesting subject, I entreat you to give it the most serious consideration; for it is a subject in which not only you yourselves are deeply interested, but in which the happiness of millions of your fellow-creatures yet unborn is concerned. May the Divine Spirit assist your deliberations; and may the Almighty give his blessing to your labors!

THOMAS CLARKSON.

Playford Hall, near Ipswich, 8th Nov. 1844.

Modern Christianity.

In taking up my pen to write these lines, I have no hope of immortalizing myself in doing so. For although I, as much as any person, would wish

"To die honored, known,
In some good cause, not in my own,"

yet I may safely presume that, as no one before me has ever gathered many laurels, in the cause of humanity, by his connection with, or expulsion from, a pro-slavery church, that I will by no means be an exception to the general rule in such cases. It is, however, with any other feelings than those of pleasure, that I give the following narrative to the anti-slavery community.

On the last day of the session of the late Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Convention, the 25th of December, notice was given that Abby Kelley would preach on general anti-slavery topics, on the ensuing Sabbath, in a new church, in the western part of the city. Being desirous of hearing, at all times, and on all occasions, those who have distinguished themselves in the cause of humanity, I was present on that occasion, both morning and afternoon, entirely unconscious that in so doing, I was committing, in the eyes of the Church, a mortal sin. On the following Monday morning, happening to be in company with the *Rev. C. Webster*, pastor of the first Associate Presbyterian Church of this city, of which I was then a member, I mentioned the circumstance of my going to hear Miss Kelley, and how very much I was pleased with her discourse on that occasion, regretting that he himself was not present, &c. &c. Upon hearing this he gave me to understand, that in so doing, I had been guilty of a breach of the Sabbath, a disregard of the principles of Presbyterianism, and what not; and that in the offence was so serious, that he dare not, could not, suffer it to pass without submitting it to the *Session* of the Church. I was, therefore, notified to appear before the Session, to answer to three charges against me, all founded on this offence. (!!)

The day appointed for my trial arrived; and after a plain statement of the case by the reverend gentleman, to the Session, and showing how the matter stood, the nature of the offence, and such like preliminaries, I was permitted to say something in my own defence. I intended to show, if possible—1. That if I was excommunicated for hearing an abolition lecturer on the Sabbath day, it would, in fact, be a virtual assertion, that no member of an Abolition Society could be a member of the Church, because it had always been the custom of Abolition Societies to employ lecturers on the Sabbath day as well as every other day, and that my sin was certainly as great in employing lecturers, as a member of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, as in going to hear a lecturer when so employed. 2. That it was every way right for the Society to employ lecturers on the Sabbath day, and that if this was neglected by them, it would, in fact, be a failure in an important point of duty, because there was a certain class of people, and an important class, too, whose ears could be reached on no other day; and that as our Divine Redeemer had directed us to draw our neighbor's ass out of a pit, on the Sabbath day; it certainly was still more our duty to draw our neighbor himself out of the pit of Slavery into which he had fallen, on this day; and inasmuch as immortal man is greater than an ass, and the pit into which he had fallen was more hideous than that into which an ass could fall, in so much the more was it our duty to draw him out on the Sabbath day. 3. That as the system of American Slavery did not permit its victims to learn to read the Bible, or any other good book, emancipation must go before any moral or religious instruction, and that therefore it was a highly Christian effort which we were on that day making: namely, preparing the way for the moral and religious instruction of the slaves.

As I expected, however, I was not permitted to say anything. The Rev. Moderator deciding me out of order in all the positions which I took, before I had uttered many sentences. The consequence of all this was, that I was found guilty of the three charges brought against me. And, in order to carry the point, the *Reverend* Moderator asserted, that one half of the Abolitionists were *infidels*, (!) and that one half of the speakers at the late Anti-Slavery Convention, held in this city, were also infidels. (!!!) Whereas, as far as I can know anything of their character, they were exactly the reverse of this. I may as well say here, that in thus charging the *pastor* of the church with deliberate falsehood, it is not from feelings of personal enmity to him, because, in my opinion, he will bear a favorable comparison with any of the body to which he belongs. The next question was, whether I was willing to retract my error and confess my sin, but not seeing wherein I was guilty, I could not, of course, acknowledge any sin; whereupon it was resolved, that I be suspended from membership in the church, and that the notice be read from the pulpit; which was done, with a long admonition to the rest of the congregation to beware of being led away by such deceivers as abolition lecturers, and lamenting my ignorance and stupidity at being so easily deceived. I was also favored with the advice of two of the session, one of them advising me to *pray* the chains off the slave; another to *read the Bible*, and by so doing, the slaves would be freed; a third advising me to take the advice of the two former, and not be running after such loose characters as abolition lecturers, as he believed they were of the devil; and a fourth asserting that he knew all about Miss Kelley, and that she was a bad character. After all this was over, I respectfully requested a copy of the whole proceedings. This request the session *promised* to comply with, saying the clerk would furnish me with a copy at his leisure. After waiting for the promised copy for some weeks, I wrote a note to the clerk, asking the cause of the delay; and he returned an answer informing me, that if I wished to know anything about the matter, I must come and see him. Upon doing this, he informed me that he had no authority to give me a copy, but promised to lay the matter before the session at its next meeting. I was not present at this next meeting, but was informed that the session resolved *not* to give me the promised copy, because I had avowed my intention of making a bad use of it; namely, of publishing it in the *Standard*. Thus the matter ended, and thus the matter now stands.

And now I ask myself why is all this? "*Liberty!* LIBERTY!! LIBERTY!!!" This is the thrilling answer. Crushed humanity is now lying under the enormous weight of the *Church* and the State, and it *crieth!!*—it crieth from the State State-block, *Liberty!* from the temple altar, LIBERTY!!—from the cross of Calvary, higher and holier than either, LIBERTY!!! It is a tongueless voice—a deathless voice—an omnipotent voice—the voice of blood, and it will, as certainly as there is a God in heaven, be heard.

JOHN REID, No. 258 Vine st., Philadelphia.

Anti-Slavery Convention at New Bedford.

An Anti-Slavery Convention of *the old school*, was held in this town, in accordance with previous notice, on Saturday and Sunday last, March 8th and 9th. The meetings were generally fully attended, particularly on Sunday afternoon and evening, and we think that we speak the opinion of every candid person who was present, in saying, that they were highly interesting and instructive.

The Abolitionists are by no means discouraged in their proceedings, by the late hostile measures of the Government of our country, but at each new trial of their faith, gather still greater strength for their work.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, as usual, was found at his post, with the standard of the Society, bearing for its inscription, "No Union with Slaveholders," and by the boldness and clearness of his remarks, and the resolutions he offered, evincing to all his unabated convictions, and power to move onward in this great cause of HUMAN RIGHTS.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, like a second Cicero, with the old Roman's eloquence and firmness, aroused all present, by his noble appeals, clothed in the language and thought of his rich and classic mind.

EDMUND QUINCY, all earnestness, all sincerity, thinking deeply, feeling deeply, in the language of solemn injunction, appeal, and warning, advocated the rights of our oppressed fellow-man.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, another Toussaint in eloquence and philanthropy, yet without his dependence upon the sword for the defence of his rights, and those of his brethren in bonds, showed by his masterly eloquence, how mistaken those are, who deem the colored race their inferior in mind. If a fugitive slave, only five or six years from his master's plantation, can stand beside the first orators of our land, and even, as has been said by one of them, rival Patrick Henry in his eloquence, what may we not expect, when that mighty company of three millions of the same race shall have their chains broken, and receive the advantages that we have so long enjoyed?

THE TRUE MEN in all ages are few; but it is by them that the great work is done; they are the instruments in the hands of Jehovah, to advance his will and pleasure; by them the Empires and Dynasties of the Old World have been toppled down; by them, without the co-operation of the great mass, the cause of humanity has progressed, and is still progressing. Not many great and mighty has the world known; but when one can put ten thousand to flight, who shall despair? God is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. The rights of Man are the same likewise. How little is the world aware who are their true benefactors—how stupid do men become, even in the enjoyment of those privileges and blessings, for which their ancestors suffered so much. Had the same shuffling, dotard spirit, pervaded our ancestors, that now seems to weigh down this blind or sleeping nation, we might at this day (to look far enough back into the past) still have been twanging our bowstrings in the Saxon forests or elsewhere, and feeding on the flesh of the grisly wild-boar.

We have had the men among us, on whom this nation, this people rather, more depend than upon all others, however high and *holy* be their names and vocations. I need not call in the aid of prophecy. I incur not the smile of any honest mind, when I state that the names of GARRISON, PHILLIPS, QUINCY, and a few more, will be remembered and revered, when the names of many of those whom the world now calls great and mighty, shall have long been forgotten, as those written upon the sand of the sea shore.

I shall not at this time enter more into an investigation of the principles of the "Friends of Man," for such the Abolitionists are, however much they may be gainsayed; but I shall endeavor to do so at some other, not far distant time. Our object being only at this time, to give the Convention a proper notice. D. R.

NEW BEDFORD, 3d mo. 10, 1845.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1845.

Woman in the Nineteenth Century. By S. Margaret Fuller: pp. 201.

Literary criticism is not the function of the Standard; and were this book one of a merely literary character, it could not merit an extended notice in these columns. As the case stands, it demands and must receive, as a matter of right, an instant and grateful acknowledgment. Abolitionists have been maligned, assailed, betrayed, deserted, on the pretence that they were "sifting in," (as the phrase went,) the woman question; and "hitching on" and "dragging in" that extraneous topic; but they have suffered this at the hands of such only as were Abolitionists in word, and not in deed and in truth. For can there be a stronger proof of man's lukewarmness or folly, than his unwillingness to be aided by any who have the heart and the power to aid him, in the abolition of Slavery? Sincerity would have respected the rights of membership in the anti-slavery society, out of simple consistency, and because they *were* rights. Earnest love of the cause in the heart, would have cleared the films of prejudice and tradition from the eye. Unassisted and rueful narrowness of intellect and soul, would only heap maledictions upon Abolitionists, because in the nature of things, Freedom begets Freedom—because one truth cannot but suggest and prepare the way of another. The Abolitionists were not to blame that the woman question was stirred in every heart that embraced the cause. DIVINE PROVIDENCE will have it so; and there is no help for it. All that the Abolitionists ought to do, they do. They sacredly appropriate the common time and the common funds previously set apart to abolish negro slavery, to that single purpose; and they never permit them to be diverted to any other purpose. It is not *Woman's* rights, but human rights, and members' rights, that are discussed in their meetings and in their official papers. But duty to the cause demands of them in their associated capacity to look at the boundaries of their subject, in order the more thoroughly to understand it, and the more effectually to serve the cause. They have never transcended those boundaries; for they know why among the Romans *Terminus* was a God. They understand the business value of a limited proposition, and the obligations of common honesty. And they have never felt this small exercise of good faith, an infringement upon their individual freedom. When they want to consider other things than Slavery, they can each one do it at home, or in some other assembly called for the purpose, without doing others the wrong of compelling them to go whither they would not. Hence the "Bible, Sabbath, and Church Conventions," and "Free meetings" for general discussion, called by Abolitionists.

When first the cause was a cause, the necessity of bestowing temporary attention on many things that touch it on some one side was felt. Many things have had to be removed as obstacles which have not been on the Anti-Slavery platform discussed as questions.

It was first assumed that men had no right to talk about and against the compromises of the Constitution. We all remember how much had to be done to secure, through flood and fire, the preparatory right of free discussion. Then, the right to talk having been obtained, the right to work, was to be fought for. The foreigner, the youth, the woman, the heretic, were in turn proscribed; and most of these battles have had to be fought within the small enclosure of the camp, into which had crept enemies in disguise: giving the uninterested and ignorant spectator occasion to cry out, "I am repelled from the cause on account of your idle controversies, and your quarrels among yourselves." These conflicts have been blessings indeed, if they have availed to keep out of our ranks those neutralizing and trifling minds, which, by long neglect of duty, have become incapable of feeling anything in regard to the cause, but the mere temporary impulse of fruitless and fleeting compassion. They could not go with us—they would have to be *carried*. If at these preparatory strifes and labors they feel disgust, how will they abide the closing of the hosts? "If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, how wilt thou contend with the horsemen?"

By great effort, and through much suffering, the Freedom of as many women as chose so to exercise it, has been obtained in the Anti-Slavery field. Now the other half of the battle is to be contested—that which is to be carried on in each woman's heart between conscience and temptation, between compassion and indolence, between right impulses and worldly desires, between tradition and common sense, between human authority and free and noble will.

In this severe and doubtful conflict, the work of MARGARET FULLER, which stands at the head of this article, will be a noble helper. I wish that some of the money lying in heaps in so many places throughout our country, could be appropriated in stereotyping a great edition of this book, for general and gratuitous distribution. How beautiful, how pure, how true it is! The style is that of a student, and not that of one in busy life, *but it will be understood*, for it is also the style of one who deeply feels. The great thing is primarily to awaken, to fill, to agitate with true feeling and great thought; and *that* this work cannot fail to do for many, though not for most. *That* done, the rest of course.

Not for most, because *most* will say, "it is too high-flown for them;" but it will elevate those who shall, in their turn, (being within reach of them,) be able to elevate such as feel afraid of *too* high a flight. It will induce a general feeling wherever it is read, that a woman's duties, like a man's, are to her country, her race, and her religion, as well as to her personal ties, and to her home. The last can never be well done, where the first are left undone.

I have marked the following few passages for insertion here, not as being better than many others, in themselves, but as being in their appropriate sphere in the leading editorial columns of the Standard:

"Those who would reform the world must show that they do not speak in the heat of wild impulse; their lives must be unstained by passionate error; they must be severe lawgivers to themselves. They must be religious students of the divine purpose with regard to man, if they would not confound the fancies of a day with the requisitions of eternal good."

* * * * * *

"Saints and geniuses have often chosen a lonely position in the faith that if, undisturbed by the pressure of near ties, they would give themselves up to the inspiring spirit, it would enable them to understand and reproduce life better than actual experience could.

"How many old maids take this high stand, we cannot say: it is an unhappy fact, that too many who have come before the eye, are gossips rather, and not always good-natured gossips. But if these abuse, and none make the best of their vocation, yet it has not failed to produce some good results. It has been seen by others, if not by themselves, that beings, likely to be left alone, need to be fortified and furnished within themselves, and education and thought have tended more and more to regard these beings as related to absolute Being, as well as to other men. It has been seen that, as the breaking of no bond ought to destroy a man, so ought the missing of none to hinder him from growing. And thus a circumstance of the time, which springs rather from its luxury than its purity, has helped to place women on the true platform.

"Perhaps the next generation, looking deeper into this matter, will find that contempt is put upon old maids, or old women at all, merely because they do not use the elixir which would keep them always young. Under its influence, a gem brightens yearly, which is only seen to more advantage through the fissures Time makes in the casket. No one thinks of Michael Angelo's Persican Sibyl, or St. Theresa, or Tasso's Leonora, or the Greek Electra, as an old maid, more than of Michael Angelo or Canova, as old bachelors, though all had reached the period in life's course appointed to take that degree.

"See a common woman at forty; scarcely has she the remains of beauty, of any soft poetic grace which gave her attraction as woman, which kindled the hearts of those who looked on her to sparkling thoughts, or diffused around her a roseate air of gentle love. See her, who was indeed, a lovely girl, in the coarse full-blown dahlia flower of what is commonly called matron-beauty, fat, fair, and forty, showily dressed, and with manners as broad and full as her frill or satin cloak. People observe, "how well she is preserved;" "she is a fine woman still," they say. This woman, whether as a duchess in diamonds, or one of our city dames in mosaics, charms the poet's heart no more, and would look much out of place kneeling before the Madonna. She "does well the honors of her house," "leads society," is, in short, always spoken and thought of upholstery-wise.

"Or see that care-worn face, from which every soft line is blotted, those faded eyes from which lonely tears have driven the flashes of fancy, the mild white beam of a tender enthusiasm. This woman is not so ornamental to a tea party; yet she would please better, in picture. Yet surely she, no more than the other, looks as a human being should at the end of forty years. Forty years! have they bound those brows with no garland? shed in the lamp no drop of ambrosial oil?

"Not so looked the Iphigenia in Aulis. Her forty years had seen her in anguish, in sacrifice, in utter loneliness. But those pains were borne for her father and her country; the sacrifice she had made pure for herself and those around her. Wandering alone at night in the vestal solitude of her imprisoning grove, she has looked up through its "living summits" to the stars, which shed down into her aspect their own lofty melody. At forty she would not misbecome the marble.

"Not so looks the Persica. She is withered, she is faded; the drapery that enfolds her has, in its dignity an angularity, too, that tells of age, of sorrow, of a stern composure to the *must*. But her eye, that torch of the soul, is untamed, and in the intensity of her reading, we see a soul invincibly young in faith and hope. Her age is her charm, for it is the night of the Past that gives this beacon fire leave to shine. Wither more and more, black Chrysalid! thou dost but give the winged beauty time to mature its splendors.

"Not so looked Victoria Colonna, after her life of a great hope, and of true conjugal fidelity. She had been, not merely a bride, but a wife, and each hour had helped to plume the noble bird. A coronet of pearls will not shame her brow; it is white and ample, a worthy altar for love and thought."

* * * * * *

"Women who speak in public, if they have a moral power, such as has been felt from Angelina Grimke and Abby Kelley; that is, if they speak for conscience' sake, to serve a cause which they hold sacred, invariably subdue the prejudices of their hearers, and excite an interest proportionate to the aversion with which it had been the purpose to regard them."

* * * * * *

"But last week brings news which threatens that a cause indentical with the enfranchisement of Jews, Irish, women, ay, and of Americans in general, too, is in danger, for the choice of the people threatens to rivet the chains of Slavery and the leprosy of sin permanently on this nation, though the Annexation of Texas!

Ah! if this should take place, who will dare again to feel the throb of heavenly hope, as to the destiny of this country? The noble thought that gave unity to all our knowledge, harmony to all our designs;—the thought that the progress of history had brought on the era, the tissue of prophecies pointed out the spot, where humanity was, at last, to have a fair chance to know itself, and all men be born free and equal for the eagle's flight, flutters as if about to leave the breast, which, deprived of it, will have no more a nation, no more a home on earth.

"Women of my country!—Exaltadas! if such there be,—Women of English, old English nobleness, who understand the courage of Boadicea, the sacrifice of Godiva, the power of Queen Emma to tread the red hod iron unharmed. Women who share the nature of Mrs. Hutchinson, Lady Russell, and the mothers of our own Revolution: have you nothing to do with this? You see the men, how they are willing to sell shamelessly, the happiness of countless generations of fellow-creatures, the honor of their country, and their immortal souls, for a money market and political power. Do you not feel within you that which can reprove them, which can check, which can convince them? You would not speak in vain; whether each in her own home, or banded in unison.

"Tell these men that you will not accept the glittering baubles, spacious dwellings,

the men. If you will but think, you cannot fail to wish to save the country from this disgrace. Let not slip the occasion, but do something to lift off the curse incurred by Eve.

"You have heard the women engaged in the abolition movement accused of boldness, because they lifted the voice in public, and lifted the latch of the stranger. But these were acts, whether performed judiciously or no, *so* bold as to dare before God and man to partake the fruits of such offence as this?

"You hear much of the modesty of your sex. Preserve it by filling the mind with noble desires that shall ward off the corruptions of vanity and idleness. A profligate woman, who left her accustomed haunts, and took service in a New-York boarding house, said, "She had never heard talk so vile at the Five Points, as from the ladies at the boarding house." And why? Because they were idle; because, having nothing worthy to engage them, they dwelt, with unnatural curiosity, on the ill they dared not go to see.

"It will not so much injure your modesty to have your name, by the unthinking, coupled with idle blame, as to have upon your soul the weight of not trying to save a whole race of women from the scorn that is put upon *their* modesty.

"Think of this well! I entreat, I conjure you, before it is too late. It is my belief that something effectual might be done by women, if they would only consider the subject, and enter upon it in the true spirit, a spirit gentle, but firm, and which feared the offence of none, save One, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity."

This noble testimony—this fearless protest—this lovely song of a deep and comprehensive heart, should be borne onward into general view, for the sake of the Anti-Slavery cause, and for the sake of all good and all truth.—c.

The Nomination of Mr. Bancroft.

This gentleman, though at length confirmed, has been obliged to pass through the usual ordeal which awaits every aspirant for political preferment who is born on the wrong side of Mason and Dixon's line—that "portentous degree of latitude," as the Hon. Samuel Hubbard, late of New Orleans, calls it. But the nicely arranged scales of the slaveholders could not make him light weight. He is found guilty of nothing but his birthplace, an accident for which Northern men must suffer the consequences, inasmuch as according to Scripture, "the sins of the parents will be visited upon the children," and the retribution must follow with which crime is always visited—the retribution, in this case, of being supposed guilty of further crime than that of birth, till proven innocent. "It is necessary to live," said an applicant for office to Cardinal Richelieu. "Pardon me, Sir," replied the Cardinal, "I do not see the necessity." "I could not help being born at the North," says the applicant in our day. "But you *should* have helped it," says the King of the South.

The time has been when Mr. Bancroft had, or pretended to have, some sympathy for the Abolitionists, and some hatred for American Slavery. There are some passages in his history which do him credit as a man, but of which, no doubt, as a politician, he is heartily ashamed. It is said, also, that in an address to his Whig neighbors at Northampton, in 1834, he "avowed doctrines of the highest abolition order." Perhaps he has explained these to the satisfaction of his masters as youthful errors of which he has repented. At all events he has received his appointment, though perhaps he may thank his good luck rather than his merit, as the information as to previous character sent for to Northampton, did not arrive till after the action of the Senate. Perhaps, too, he made a clean breast of it, and threw himself on the mercy of the court, promising to give recognizances for his future good behaviour, like Mr. Secretary Paulding, in an expurgated edition of his work.

The North is slow to learn. We may hope that she will profit by the new lessons which she seems just now conning. To Abolitionists,—and we are not arrogating to ourselves any remarkable share of discernment, in saying so—it has long been evident that the slave-power looks with very jealous eyes on every Northern man. The marvel is that we have been so often obliged to point to the fact, and could hear no answering word of indignation from any quarter. Once indeed the Northern press did speak out seemingly in becoming terms, and bade the South beware how she provoked too far the patience of the North. It was on the occasion of Mr. Everett's nomination as Minister to England. But this was only the snarling of the hound for his bone, from whom nothing but hunger can bring a growl to his keeper. The Boston Daily Advertiser gave the first, the longest, and the loudest growl, and the "curs of low degree," chimed in with their yelpings. It all passed for very pure patriotism at a distance, and the South was evidently frightened. They did n't know that the editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser is the brother-in-law of Edward Everett! It is rather a mortifying instance of the love of the North for Northern rights, but something is to be hoped when the discovery is made in any way, that there are such things.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Courier has recently made the same discovery. He says, in a late letter:

The Whigs of New England have, in truth, undergone much feeling of mortification from the manner in which distinguished candidates for Senatorial endorsement, from their section of the country, have been treated. A Southern nominee passes the Senate with little molestation; his name requires hardly an endorsement; his residence disarms opposition. A Yankee, on the contrary, must be canvassed, and his previous life reviewed, his opinions scrutinized, and his habits reported upon. And, unless by some moral fumigation, anything redolent of heresy is removed from Southern nostrils, he will be condmened and rejected.

Whether the usual honors awarded to first discoverers should be given him is a question. I hope, at least, there is no brother-in-law in the present case, but that the writer states this as his solemn conviction of an abstract truth which is worthy of consideration; and that at some future day further researches will be made and further light thrown upon the subject. In the meantime we must hope that no rash measures will be adopted.—G.

The Bankrupt South

Somebody has given the following true and striking picture of a Southern planter. It may seem too highly colored, but it is not, and might indeed include, though not exactly in the same description, yet in the general result, all other classes. The ruinous waste and extravagance, which are the necessary consequences of their idleness and ignorance, produce always in slave States universal bankruptcy; and this is only concealed, and the consequent wretched condition of things averted, by the system of universal credit. Probably there is not enough property to-day at the South to pay her debts, even including the money valuation of three million slaves. Of course this state of things grows worse and worse yearly, and the North is too intimately connected with the South, in all the ramifications of trade, not to suffer the consequences, for pay-day comes to us occasionally; and when it does come, it is called "hard times." At the South, the ruinous effect of Slavery upon the prosperity of the people is visible everywhere, but cannot be fully realized till Slavery itself is abolished. When this is done peacefully, as in the British West India Islands, it must be years, even with the increased value of labor and land, before a healthy condition is produced; and when Emancipation comes by Revolution, as in St. Domingo, the entire prostration of every interest, and the utter destruction of all *apparent* capital, except that of labor and land, must ensue, as the natural result of that system of credit on which the slave-system exists. But to the extract:

Now for the picture of the *planter*. *He* would n't sell a chicken, nor a dozen of eggs, nor a bushel of peaches, nor a calf, for any consideration. He is *above* that! *He* raises *cotton*—*he* does! He rides in a six hundred-dollar carriage, for which, he is in debt. His daughters thrum a piano that never will be paid for. He buys corn, which he could raise at ten cents a bushel, and pays sixty for it, after 2 1-2 per cent. advance to his commission merchant. He *could* raise his own *tobacco* yet he pays three dollars a pound for Richmond scented. He *could* raise his own *hogs*—yet he patronizes *Cincinnati*. The consequences are disastrous. Being the possessor of one staple, he fluctuates with the market of that article. He takes the "*Price Current*"—he pays postage—he gobbles down the English news like a cormorant. If he sells to-day, he'll lose—therefore he'll wait for better advices. He is "mixed up" in cotton, and is a *gambler* therein. Meantime he wants money; drafts on his factor! He wants cotton goods and clothes for his plantation, that he could make at home. He *orders* them, and feels "large." The manufacturer, the insurer, the shipper, the freighter, the drayman, the ware house man, the seller, and finally the commission merchant, all have a finger in the *pie* of profits, and the proud *foolish* planter pays them all. The year closes, and he is "up to his eyebrows" in debt! This is the result of not "calculating" nor even *guessing* the difference between *farming* and *planting*. One supports a *family*; and the other supports *pride*, until "pride gets a fall."

Baltimore Methodist Conference.

This body assembled at Baltimore on Wednesday of last week. The question of Slavery, and the division of the Church is expected to come before it, but as the Conference has resolved to sit with closed doors, the public will know nothing of their proceedings. This act shows that slaveholding counsels are in the ascendant at the outset, and will probably continue so through the session. I have come to expect in any struggle between the North and the South, that the South will conquer, as a matter of course. She comes up to the work before her with a bold, unhesitating manner, and swears that everything shall be as she will, while the North, with an apologetical, timid, deferential air, begs in the most cringing fashion, that her rights may be allowed her. Of course, the South has her own way, and who blames her, believing as she does? Her bold badness is more worthy of respect than the poltroonery of the North, though there be abstract right on her side. The old Latin word, *virtus*, meant something more than mere goodness. Its modern synonym has lost its original significance.

Nothing is to be expected from the Methodist Church. Its priests are cowards. They are hypocrites and Pharisees, and do God service only when they can't help it, but serve the devil with all their hearts. They do not mean, and have not meant, to do anything for the slaves' cause, and all the show they have made of anti-slavery feeling, has only been to satisfy the growing anti-slavery sentiment of the people. They are not leaders, but only the cunning followers and the wary watchers of a public, whom they dare not guide aright, and whom they would rather would go wrong. They will follow Truth, when that way leads where their priestly stipends lie, and turn from her, though she lie bleeding by the wayside, if none but heavenly rewards await their ministerings. The action of their last General Assembly was a mere mummery. They had no intention of offending the South, or of cutting them off from full Christian fellowship. A solemn farce was enacted, by which they hoped to gull the people, and save their own reputation. And the people are fools enough to be gulled. The following paragraph is to the purpose. It is from the Christian Advocate and Journal, of last week:

No act of the General Conference of 1844 affords the slightest ground for the inference, that there exists any intention to enact any rule of discipline to exclude slaveholders from the Church. On the contrary, we are confident that there are very few of that body who were not aware of the evil consequences to slaves—to say nothing of the masters—which such a rule would produce.

The Cause in Kentucky.

We cannot help watching with anxious interest, the progress of the anti-slavery sentiment in Kentucky. So far off is it, so removed from the sphere of any immediate influence of theirs, that to northern Abolitionists it is like watching a struggle in which they are not permitted to engage, as a worn-out soldier views from some eminence a battle in which younger and fresh recruits are fighting over again his battles, and for the cause in which he gained many wounds, if not much honor. And this contest, if not ours, is fought because we fought before. If the elder soldiers do not bear there the standard, torn and stained in many a fierce conflict, they know that it still flutters in the breeze, because in their hands, in other fields, it never retreated from the foe, and never trailed in the dust. The subtle influence of moral power is as penetrating, and as universal as the atmosphere, and it only needs that men should be faithful to the right, to see, sooner or later, as we now see, its certain fruit. It is because a few men and women in New England, and New-York, and Pennsylvania, bore up years ago against the tempest of public hate and contempt, till that storm, in a measure, passed away, that away off there in Kentucky, now in the very den of the beast, other men and women are moved to take up arms against it. But though they have begun their work, it by no means follows that ours is finished. Though not begun, they must end together. We may be indeed almost worn-out soldiers, but we may not lay down our arms, till the battle is finished. We should only gather fresh courage and fresh activity, because we discern the signs of victory. The enemy rallies as we well know, and see plainly, as he is driven from one after another of his strongholds. The slaves' friend in Kentucky has no light task before him, and as he has only gained his present vantage-ground, and is indeed only the slaves' friend, because we have been faithful, so his measure of success will be for the future measured by our faithfulness. Take from the fearful array against him, the physical power of Northern bayonets, and the moral power of the Northern Church,—strip sin of the garment in which the so-called Christianity of our day has disguised it, and deny to it the protection which the Constitution gives—and we give to virtue and vice, to Freedom and Slavery, a fair field wherein to fight. Then, and not till then, will our work be done, for then, and not till then, will the battle be over.

But I only meant to say, when I began this long paragraph, that the signs of progress in Kentucky, are very cheering. A little incident which recently occurred, deserves to be mentioned. A slaveholder somewhere in that State—where, the papers do not mention—made an agreement with a colored man for the purchase of his wife and children. On some slight provocation he broke his faith, and sold the poor creatures "down the river,"—a term of fearful import to the slaves. So active is the anti-slavery feeling among his neighbors, who are beginning to learn that blacks are human beings, and deserving the treatment of belonging to such, that many of them refused at once any further dealings with the man in the trade in which he is engaged. What if the North should follow this example? It would make sad havoc with our Southern commerce.

The new paper which Mr. Clay is about to establish, is already producing an effect in a discussion of the subject of Slavery. In a previous number of the Standard, the remarks of the Frankfort Commonwealth, the Louisville Journal, and other papers were quoted. I subjoin now the opinions of the Lexington Inquirer, and (Richmond) Farmer's Chronicle, on this undertaking, which will be read with interest:

SLAVERY—THE TRUE AMERICAN.—We stated in our last that we should probably take some notice of the prospectus of a new paper to be published in this city, by C. M. Clay and others, but upon reflection, have thought it best to act upon the principle that "*sufficient for the day is the evil thereof*," and that when the paper makes its appearance, and avows more fully its principles and objects, it will be time enough to take up the subject, more especially as we might place those who are to be concerned in the publication of the paper, and Mr. Clay particularly, in an attitude they do not intend to occupy. We will, however, say with a correspondent, whose communication we may hereafter publish, "that we do not believe that Mr. Clay, and those who may engage with him, will infuse their feelings on the subject of Slavery into any considerable portion of the people of Kentucky, and therefore for his own, and for the sake of the peace of society, could he find it compatible with the objects of his ambition, we should be glad to see him cease to agitate the subject of Slavery, or if that is impossible, that he would make some other quarter the theatre of his operations." For although Mr. Clay may not intend that his paper shall be an *Abolition* paper, according to what is now understood to be the object and principles of that party, *they* will look upon Mr. Clay and his paper, as coadjutors and co-laborers in the unholy work in which they are engaged; and such too, will be the opinion of three-fourths,—perhaps nine-tenths—of the people of Kentucky. The agitation of the subject at this time can do no good, but will doubtless do much harm. It is always calculated to exasperate the public mind, and to create hopes in the minds of the slaves, that cannot speedily, if ever be realized, and consequently make them useless, discontented, and disobedient; which must inevitably cause their chains to be more tightly drawn and more firmly riveted.—*Inq.*

The prospectus of the "True American," of which we spoke in our last number, is inserted to-day. As we then stated, and as will be seen by the prospectus itself, the new paper will advocate, as a principal object of its establishment, a gradual riddance of this State of the institution of Slavery, by constitutional means. We believe that few persons of intelligence can be found in Kentucky, or, indeed, in any other State, but will readily acknowledge that Slavery is an evil, and a great moral and political disadvantage to the community in which it is established. Equally general is the opinion that it is inimical to the continued well-being of society, and that inseparably connected with its existence are dangers which, however remote or latent, are yet seen and felt by all. Another view of the subject is taken by many good citizens, viz: the injustice done the slave by retaining him under involuntary bondage. These considerations, with perhaps others, have brought the minds of many persons in our State to the conclusion that some measure should be adopted with a view to the gradual eradication of the evil. But there is a difference of opinion among those who think such a step necessary, as to the time of commencing the work, and the *plan* of effecting it—some believing that it should not be delayed, whilst others deem the present an unpropitious period for such a movement.

The subject is one of vast moment to the people of Kentucky, and if it be discussed in the proper spirit we see no good reason why it should not be done now as well as at any future time. Our wish is to see it brought fully before the people, without agitation, without excitement, without a blending of it with other schemes or extraneous matters. There has been so much and well grounded feeling engendered against fanatical abolitionism, in slave communities, owing to the course pursued by the mischievous ultraism of that unprincipled clan, that it has become, in the view of many persons, almost "treason to the State" to express an opinion against Slavery. This is going to the other extreme. No Kentuckian should hesitate to look any question full in the face, avail himself of every light that he can command, and then form and express his opinions fully upon it.

As an individual, and a citizen of the beloved Commonwealth in which we were born, and with whose honor and welfare we feel all our interests and hopes are identified, we are gratified that a subject so nearly affecting her honor and future destiny, is about to be submitted to the test of reason, and the best intellects in the State. Let it be done calmly, and in the spirit of sincere patriotism, and with a rigid regard to the rights of every citizen, and no injury can follow; while much good may be effected.—*Chronicle.*

Emigration of Slaves.

The following article is from a Columbus (Ga.) paper. It proves several things, which, indeed, needed no proof, but which is the more conclusive as the testimony of the South itself. First, that Maryland and Virginia are obliged to find a market for their slaves, and that Georgia has as many as she knows what to do with. Secondly, that a surplus slave population must necessarily produce the "type of negro philanthropy" which exists at the North, and make the overstocked slave States the opponents of the system for the sake of self-preservation. And, thirdly, it is very evident that if a market for this surplus population can be found, their market-value is enhanced, and the inevitable laws of trade will preserve the system so long as the demand exists. Maryland and Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, will find this demand for their surplus slaves in Texas, and the law of population will abolish Slavery in those States when Texas is as crowded as they are—provided no new demand be created further South or West—and not before. This is as plain as that a demand for an additional thousand barrels of flour to that already consumed in this city, will increase the production of wheat, and not destroy that already existing. And yet a Democratic paper quotes this very article in proof that Annexation will destroy Slavery. It is strange that political partisans cannot learn that they are only required to be knaves, and not fools also.

NEGRO TRADING.—A writer in the last Enquirer, under the signature of "Censor," gave a hint to the "speculators," (as they are technically called,) that the Penal Code of Georgia, against their trade is in full force, and promises that he would furnish a prosecutor, to look after those who should be found infringing the law after the 1st instant.

The law in question, is one dictated by wisdom and sound policy. It is essential to the preservation of the institution of Slavery itself, as it now exists, as we might readily show, did time and space admit. It is sufficient to remark, that if Maryland and Virginia are permitted to pour their surplus slave population upon us, that very soon public opinion in these States, will begin to assume the type of negro philanthropy further North, and two powerful States will be changed from friends and co-defenders of this institution, into its opponents.

The cotton planters of Georgia will readily admit, too, that the public weal does not require any addition to the labor (already superabundant) employed in the production of cotton. And the owners of negro property will need no argument to convince them that the value of slaves is not to be augumented by the overstock of the market, supplied from the two Potomac States.

Let the law be enforced, then, not in Columbus only, but throughout Georgia. We hope to see all the States of the Southwest adopting similar laws, and putting an end to a system, which is injurious to a Southern country, in every moral, political, and pecuniary point in view.

"The Brotherhood of Thieves."

This is a very harsh term when applied to the American Church and clergy. If untrue it certainly should not be used, and even if true, some of our tender-hearted friends would rather not hear it. Nothing is more dreaded than to hear things called by their right names. Nevertheless, a thief is a thief, cover it up as we may, and there will always be found some persons rash enough to speak the plain unvarnished truth. The highest kind of theft, moreover, is that which steals men, and Slavery is nothing less than this. The church which steals them, or holds slaves, which is the same thing, is a thieving church. If that church is in loving fellowship with others, they together form a "BROTHERHOOD OF THIEVES." This I take to be a conclusion which cannot be escaped. And with the exception of the Covenanters, and here and there an individual church of other denominations, this is the character of the American Church. I wish the Wesleyan Methodists might be excepted also, but until they disprove the charge against them, that Christian character in the old church will give admission to the new, and prove also that a consistent anti-slavery life must be shown before admission can be given, they must be reckoned in the same category.

Below is a document which needs no commentary, and sheds a good deal of light upon the subject. It was cut from the Savannah Republican of March 3d, 1845.

McINTOSH SHERIFF SALE.

Will be sold on the first Tuesday in March next, in front of the Court House, within the city of Darien, between the legal hours of sale, all that Plantation situated, lying, and being in McIntosh county, known as the "Thickets," bounded on the south by Bowman's land, on the west by lands belonging to the estate of John Hutson, and vacant lands, on the north by lands belonging to the estate of John G. Bell, and N. P. Gignilliat's, and on the east by the river and salt marsh, containing twelve hundred and fifty acres, more or less, levied on as the property of Henry T. Hall, to satisfy a mortgage fi. fa. issued out of McIntosh Superior Court, in favor of the Board of Directors of the Theological Seminary of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia, vs. Henry T. Hall.

Also, at the same time and place, the following negro slaves, to wit: Charles, Peggy, Antonett, Davy, September, Maria, Jenney, and Isaac—levied on as the property of Henry T. Hall, to satisfy a mortgage fi. fa. issued out of McIntosh Superior Court, in favor of the Board of Directors of the THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF THE SYNOD OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA, vs. said Henry T. Hall. Conditions, cash.

C. O'NEAL,
Deputy Sheriff, M c.

Letter from Alanson Work.

By the following letter from Work, it will be seen that he has been released and restored to his family. The letter was first published in the Chicago Citizen:

THEOPOLIS, Jan. 30, 1845.

Brother Eastman—Through the faithfulness and goodness of God, I am permitted to address you from the bosom of my family. Although I have not seen thy face, I feel that thou art not a stranger; and inasmuch as you had a heart to feel for us as a distressed and destitute family, and to sympathize with us in our affliction, and to relieve us in our distresses, you will now rejoice with us in our joy. I was delivered from prison by the blessing of Him who has heard the cries of the widow and the fatherless, upon the efforts of friends in this and other States—some in Missouri, towards whom I feel my heart moved with kindness and gratitude. The blessing of those that were ready to perish rest upon them. I came out of prison the 20th, and arrived at home safely the 25th of the present month, to the great joy of myself and my dear family and friends, after an absence of more than three years and a half. My health is and has been better than I could have expected, considering the deprivations and trials I have passed through. When we fell into the hands of those who would have ate up our flesh, then the Lord suffered them not to set on us to do us harm; and in all our bondage the Lord has been with us and given us favor in the eyes of our keepers; and although we have been persecuted, yet not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed. Although our sufferings have been calculated to break down the constitution, and shorten our days on earth, yet I hope that, by the protecting care of God, my health is not very materially injured. Yet I feel a debility which I trust will be removed by breathing the air of liberty, and enjoying its privileges. I left my companions in tribulation (brothers Burr and Thompson) in tolerable health. Brother Burr had his right arm broken about a year ago, by being caught in the machinery; by which he is as yet deprived of the use of it, and will, in all probability, be deprived of the use of it for life. As regards the prospects for their delivery, I cannot speak very encouragingly, but hope for the best. Perhaps something depends upon the course I shall take, or what grows out of my deliverance. But this we will leave with Him who orders all things according to the counsel of his own will—praying that He will plead their cause, and accomplish his own purposes, and in his own good time open their prison doors. My dear family unite with me in heartfelt thanks to you, and to all others who did *not* pass by on the other side, but supplied our wants in our time of need. May the Lord reward you and them a hundred fold.

Yours with respect and affection,
ALANSON WORK.

Progress in Pennsylvania.

The most cheering accounts reach me from every quarter, of the success of our agents in Pennsylvania. Our friends are everywhere aroused into action, and the best proof is given that the doctrines of the American Society are sinking into the hearts of the people, in the rampant displays which pro-slavery makes of its hateful spirit. Till the people can bear to hear the simple truth without resorting to mobs, we must regard mobs as a hopeful indication of progress. I cut the following paragraph from the Newtown Journal. I have not heard that Remond was injured:

DISGRACEFUL OUTRAGE.

We regret to state that a most shameful outrage was perpetrated in our borough, on Friday evening last. Stephen S. Foster, and Charles Lenox Remond, (the latter a colored man,) had been delivering a series of lectures here on the subject of American Slavery; and on the evening referred to, they were disturbed by a gang of ruffians, who threw a stone through the window—striking Remond whilst speaking—and by firing off crackers, and other acts of as base and cowardly a character. Such conduct reflects dishonor upon the character of our borough, and we sincerely hope the miscreants will be ferreted out, and severely punished. It is a burning shame that men must be insulted when in the exercise of their constitutional rights. Every man is entitled to express his opinions, we don't care how erroneous they may be. It is a principle acknowledged on all hands, that "error of opinion can be tolerated so long as reason is left free to combat it," and whether the sentiments expressed on the above evening were right or wrong, (we were absent and did not hear them,) it was the duty of the people of Newtown to protect them in the expression of them. If every man who utters an unpopular doctrine is to be mobbed and insulted, our boasted liberty of speech is a mere farce. We have the satisfaction of knowing, however, that the outrage referred to, meets, as it should, the severest condemnation of all our respectable citizens, and only finds countenance in the breasts of a few contemptible, low-lived miscreants, who, by this act, and others of a similar nature, have degraded themselves far below the level of that unfortunate class of our citizens, which is the object of their especial enmity—the negro.

Liberty Party.

What means the following letter in the Albany Patriot, from Beriah Green to Gerrit Smith? Does Liberty Party grow tired of even *professing* to have but one purpose, anti-slavery, and seek more strings to her bow? We watch the thick coming signs of her change:

Can we wield the power or rise to the dignity of "men of one idea" without yielding everywhere and on all occasions to its controlling influence? The constructive principle—the life-giving soul of the anti-slavery enterprise forbids us to regard with indifference any arrangement, in any sphere of human existence, which involves any class of our fellow-men in embarrassment and injury What is the tendency of corn laws in England? What of cloth laws in this country? Let such questions be disposed of in the light of the "One Idea," by which we profess to be controlled. Surely, the sweat-drenched operatives, here or there, is as truly entitled to the benefit of our characteristic principles and exertion as the slave, however strong and galling his fetters. And he, who makes his zeal in behalf of the one a pretext for his neglect of the other, has not yet risen to the sphere where an idea sheds abroad its light. Some notion may have fixed itself upon his brain; but to the heavenly influence of principle, he is yet a stranger. Let those, who can, confide in the sincerity of the British philanthropist, who, alive to the claims of the West Indian or American slave, is dead to the just demands of the Irish peasant or English Chartist. Heaven forbid that the Liberty party should be guilty of such inconsistencies!"

There is one striking remark in Smith's reply. He says:

"But, I have no controversy with those abolitionists, who, like the writer in the Patriot, are endeavoring to make the Liberty Party *good enough* to be a permanent party."

We once knew Mr Smith making a distinction between great sins and little ones—here he runs a like line of discrimination between *long* sins and *short* ones. Liberty Party is *good enough* for *a little while*, but not for a *permanence!*

Church Action.

The Presbytery of Chillicothe, Ohio, (old school,) has adopted a resolution by a vote of 25 to 7, by which it is declared that if the General Assembly, at its next meeting, shall neglect to free the church from the sin of slaveholding, that then the Presbytery ought to repudiate all further fellowship with said Assembly, and refuse thenceforth to acknowledge its authority by sending delegates to its meetings, or in supporting it by donations of money. This is very well as far as it goes. But as they acknowledge by this action that their church is now pro-slavery, and therefore sinful, why not repent, and reform at once by repudiating their connection with the whole Church? They are not up to the Mormons yet. It is only by-and-bye that they mean to refuse that leniency to man-stealing which they have heretofore shown. They are a synagogue of the devil by their own showing.

The Price of a Democrat.

It will be recollected that Mr. Parmenter, of Massachusetts, voted in the House in favor of the Joint Resolution, for the Annexation of Texas. His vote was contrary to his uniform course for several years past on all questions in which the interests of Slavery were involved, and opposed to the well-known wish of a majority of his constituents. It has been, heretofore, supposed that he was possessed of a conscience, and that he sold it now for a good price. Injustice was probably done him in both suppositions. At any rate if he ever had a conscience, and has sold it, he held it, properly enough, at a very low price. He has been nominated as naval officer in the Boston Custom-House.

"The" Herald of Freedom.

The first number of a new paper with this purloined name has been issued. It is published at Concord, New Hampshire, "by its friends:" John R. French, Publishing Agent: N. P. Rogers, Editor. I am indebted to a friend for a sight of the felonious sheet, as the publisher was too much ashamed for his own sake to send it to me, or had too much consideration left for me to inflict a gratuitous insult. I am glad that thus much chance is left for charity to believe that the sense of shame has not altogether fled. The paper is announced in one corner to be the 481st No. of the 10th Vol.; and in the other to be the 1st No. of the 1st Vol. of a new series. The OLD Herald has reached the 491st No. of its 10th Vol.

I regret for the sake of the cause to record so contemptible an act as this, committed by men who have heretofore won for themselves a place in the love and esteem of Abolitionists. The bold theft of the Emancipator was honorable compared with this petty larceny. I hope and believe that it will receive but little countenance.—G.

A NAME WANTED.—The New-York Historical Society seems inclined to step in just in the nick of time to do a very needful thing. At their monthly meeting, a week or two since, the following resolution was offered by one of the members:

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to inquire and report, whether it be not expedient that some efforts, and if so, what, should be made to give a *proper name* to this country.

Our present name is not "proper," either grammatically or morally. Washington Irving proposed Allegha-nia, some years since, but that was when our destiny was not foreseen as well as it is now, if the Democrats may be believed. It would not be significant towards Terra del Fuegos, or the Frozen Ocean. Selavonia would be a better name. It has the advantage of antiquity, and would be morally appropriate. It is respectfully submitted.

LATE FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Late dates from the Granite State bring us a piece of interesting and important intelligence. It is contained in one of the Democratic journals of that State. No other paper has the news. It is in the words following, to wit: "There exists no truer friends to the slave than the democracy of the country, and no people would do more to improve their condition than they." It is just possible that the New Hampshire man may have been misinformed.

BORN TO RULE.—The Columbus Journal gives an amusing instance of the dignity of legislation in the lower house of the Ohio Legislature. It says:

Last evening, while the bill to amend the charter of the city of Cincinnati was under discussion, in the House, we understand that one of the dignified members from that city, *took off his coat and laid it on his desk*, swearing that he would *lick the first three men that voted for its engrossment!*

This is almost equal to Congress; but allowance must be made for the difference of refinement between the backwoodsmen, and the national legislators. They dont "lick," at Washington, but shoot.

NEW BEDFORD MEETING.—Some account of this meeting will be found on the second page in a letter from an esteemed correspondent. The official report arrived too late for this week's paper. It will be given next week with some further account of the meeting.

TO TAUNTON SUBSCRIBERS.—A notice has been sent me that the packages of Standards sent to Taunton, have been lying for several weeks past at the Railroad office. The person who has heretofore acted as agent, has removed from the place, but failed to notify me of the fact. The subscribers will find their back numbers at the depot. They will be sent for the future by mail, till further orders.

THE HUTCHINSONS commence a series of concerts here on Wednesday evening, but as the Standard is printed and mailed before that time, I can give no account of their reception. No doubt it will be a warm one, for they are deservedly very popular among the New-Yorkers.

☞ SENATOR BATES, of Massachusetts, died of lung fever at Washington, on Sunday evening.

Recent Publications.

Smith's Weekly Volume. Published by Lloyd P. Smith, at $4 for fifty-two numbers, payable in advance: Philadelphia, 1845.

This work takes the place of Waldie's Circulating Library, and is, I believe, the only publication of the kind, as it is one of the most valuable issues from the periodical press, in this country. It is not a compilation from Foreign Quartilies and Monthlies, nor a collection of the light literature of domestic manufacture, but more valuable than the first, and with none of the very objectionable features of the last. But it is a re-publication entire of standard and popular works, which will afford good reading for the time being, and be a valuable addition to the library when bound in volumes. Those persons who cannot afford to purchase many new books which are worth having, and especially are too poor to buy the *cheap* publications, which will hardly last through the first painful perusal, even if they are worth that, will find in this work the advantages of goodness and cheapness combined. The selections are made with care and ability, and include many works which cannot be had, except in the expensive English editions. The type and paper give it a rank among the best specimens of American bookmaking. The numbers, since it commenced in January, include Viscount Arlingcourt's tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland, translated from the French: the Englishwomen in Egypt, by Sophia Poole: the Master-Passion, a tale of Chamouni, by T. C. Grattan: Texas, and the Gulf of Mexico; or Yatching in the New World, by Mrs. Houston: besides critical notices, and a variety of miscellaneous matter. The form is a convenient one, and the numbers can be sent by mail to any part of the country. Burgess, Stringer & Co. New-York, and Jordan, Swift, and Wiley, No. 121 Washington street, Boston, are the agents.

Voice of the True Hearted.—No. 5, contains a variety of articles in prose and poetry, most of which are well worth preservation. Many of them, doubtless, will be new to most readers, and not one of them could be procured at so cheap a rate as all are afforded in this publication. For sale at this office, and at the Anti-Slavery office in Philadelphia.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Later from Mexico.—By the arrival, at a late hour last night, of the brig Leopold O'Donnell, Capt. Davis, we have Vera Cruz dates up to the 1st instant.

Santa Anna was still in prison at Perote, so that the news by way of Campeachy, that he had been taken to the city of Mexico, turns out to be incorrect.

The Texas question is still agitated in many of the Mexican papers, the editors appearing to oppose the right of the United States to annex that country as strongly as ever.

We do not see a line in any of our Mexican exchanges in relation to the trial of Santa Anna. It has been stated that the Grand Jury for that purpose was to convene on the 25th ultimo, but if any progress has been made, the proceedings do not appear in any of the papers. If the Mexicans allow the tyrant his liberty, they will have more trouble with him than ever, or we are much mistaken.—*N. O. Picayune*, 8th.

CONGRESS.

Appointments Confirmed.—General Armstrong, of Tennessee, formerly Postmaster of Nashville, to the Consulship of Liverpool, in place of Joel W. White, of Connecticut.

Norris Wilcox, of Connecticut, at present Sheriff of the county of New Haven, as Collector for the Port of New Haven, in place of R. R. Hinman.

General John Davis, of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, as Surveyor of the Port of Philadelphia, in place of Thomas Cooper.

The following nominations were sent to the Senate:—

Mr. B. F. Butler, District Attorney for the Southern District of New-York, in place of Ogden Hoffman, Esquire. E. F. Purdy, Surveyor of this Port.

W. H. Polk, Charge to Naples, in place of William Boulware.

A Mr. Jewett, of Maine, Charge to Peru, in place of J. A. Bryan.

Mr. Parmenter, of Massachusetts, member of the late Congress, Naval Officer of Boston, in place of George Roberts, editor of the Boston Times.

Mr. Cunningham, of Tennessee, Purser in the Navy, to which Charles Welles, of Pennsylvania, had been appointed by Mr. Tyler, and which was not acted on during the last session.

A. H. Everett, Commissioner to China.

Alderman Shuler, of New-York, Consul to Hong Kong, in China, in place of Thomas W. Waldron, deceased.

NOTICES.

WINDHAM COUNTY A. S. SOCIETY.

The Windham County Anti-Slavery Society will hold their *annual meeting* on Thursday the 27th instant, in Brooklyn, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The friends of the cause throughout the county are respectfully invited to attend.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, at the time of the Howard Valley meeting, the Committee appointed at a previous meeting, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of establishing a *free press* in this county, did not make their report as expected, therefore it will be submitted to the above meeting. Friends, will you rally once more around the altar of Freedom, before the iron rod of despotism is fastened upon your necks? Let one and all cry aloud and spare not, for the Philistines are upon us; the *Northern Democracy* and the *Southern Slavocracy* have proved themselves to be one and the same in their objects,—friends to whips, chains, and iron collars, to all who wear a skin a little darker than the majority of these would be lords and masters.

JAMES B. WHITCOMB, Sec'y.

Brooklyn, March 5th, 1845.

THE BRANDED HAND.

The late frequent aggressions of the South on Northern Liberty, demands loudly from the friends of freedom in the North, a united and powerful expression of their entire sympathy with the Anti-Slavery prisoners; their unqualified approval of their course; and their deep abhorrence of the tyranny which confines them in Southern dungeons. As one means of expressing that sentiment, it is proposed to publish a paper, to be devoted to the cause of these noble Anti-Slavery martyrs.

Its title and motto will be—THE BRANDED HAND! It will be published once a month, at fifty cents a year, payable on delivery of the first number. It will know no particular sect in religion or organization in Slavery. All, therefore, who love truth and liberty, are invited to aid us. All profits beyond costs of publishing, to be given to the prisoners. All communications relative to the paper to be left at the *Anti-Slavery Office, Providence.*

PROSPECTUS
OF
"THE TRUE AMERICAN."

A NUMBER of Kentuckians, slaveholders and others, propose to publish in the *City of Lexington*, a paper devoted to gradual and constitutional emancipation, so as at some definite time to place our State upon the firm, safe, and just basis of liberty. The time has come when a large and respectable party, if not a majority of the people are prepared to take this subject up, and act so as to secure, the end proposed, without injustice to any, but with eminent benefit to all. A press is only necessary to give concentrated effort, and final success by free conference of opinion and unirammelled discussion.

We propose to act as a *State party*, not to unite with any party, State or National; expecting aid and encouragement from the lovers of liberty of all parties, we shall treat them with studied courtesy and forbearance, so far as it may be consistent with the integrity of the principles which govern us.

It is not proposed that our members should cut loose from their old party associations. The press under our control will appeal *temperately* but *firmly* to the interests and the reason, not to the passions, of our people: we shall take care rigidly to respect the legal rights of others, because we intend to *maintain our own*. We shall attempt to sustain in good faith the "*freedom of the press*." Whilst our organ will conscientiously vindicate and uphold the Christian morality in ethics, and constitutional republicanism in politics, its columns shall be open to all sects in all things concerning human action: believing with Jefferson, that there is no error so dangerous but that it may be left safely to the combat of reason, we utterly repudiate that false philosophy and time-serving expediency which caters to the tyranny of opinion, by excluding from the press whatever does not suit the fastidious tastes of "patrons"—our readers shall not be our masters; if they love not truth, they may go elsewhere. The times call for language plain, bold and true,—our cause is good,—our press shall be *independent*, or cease to exist,—designed to accomplish great purposes, to vindicate principles of interest to all mankind, it shall subserve the elevation of no man, disdain personal denunciation, and share the glory of its triumphs among all its supporters. A native born Kentuckian has engaged to edit "*The True American*," and as his opinions and feelings are expressed in the above outline of party action, he will be untrammeled in his independence, so long as he is faithful to the principles of his adoption.

"The True American" will be published weekly, in the city of Lexington, Kentucky; and it is proposed to make it embrace all the matter common in newspapers; especially will it regard the high place which labor holds in the economy of nature, and insist upon its enjoyment of a fair distribution of the products of capital. The size and appearance of the paper shall be as studiedly becoming and tasteful as its means will allow.

TERMS.

Two dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable in advance.

To any person or club taking five copies, Ten Dollars.

Numbers sent to persons not having once paid, to be regarded as gratuitous.

Advertisements according to current

Poetry.

For the Anti-Slavery Standard.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE RAVEN."

Here are some verses, which, to my thinking, are worthy of those which called them forth. The writer says: "For several days I have been chanting to an old tune, that half tragic, half comic ballad of 'The Raven,' which has mightily taken my fancy; but the last verse is unsatisfying, and has always filled me with a curious wonder and longing to know more. I have given voice to this feeling in some verses, which I send thee for thy paper, if 'agreeable to thy mind.'" They are quite "agreeable to my mind," and so I doubt not they will be to the minds of all our readers.

Leave us not so dark, uncertain, lift again the fallen curtain;
Let us once again the mysteries of that haunted room explore—
Hear once more that friend infernal, that grim visitor nocturnal;
Earnestly we long to learn all that befalls that bird of yore.

Oh! then tell us something more!

Doth his shade thy floor still darken; dost thou still desparing hearken,
To that deep sepulchral utterance like the oracles of yore?
In the same place is he sitting?—does he give no sign of quitting?—
Is he conscious; or unwitting? when he answers, "Nevermore"—

Tell me truly, I implore!

Knows he not the littlenesses that poor human nature presses?
Knows he never need of slumber, fainting forces to restore?
Stoops he not to eating, drinking;—is he never caught in winking,
When his demon eyes are sinking deep into thy bosom's core?

Tell me this, if nothing more!

Is he, after all, so evil?—is it fair to call him devil?—
Did he not give friendly answer when thy speech friend's meaning bore?
When thy sad tones were revealing, all the loneness o'er thee stealing,
Did he not, with fellow-feeling, vow to leave thee nevermore?

Keeps he not that oath he swore?

He too may be inly praying, vainly, earnestly essaying
To forget some matchless mate beloved, yet lost for evermore;
He has donned a suit of mourning, and all earthly comfort scorning,
Broods alone from night till morning. By the memories of Lenore,

Oh! renounce him nevermore!

Though he be a sable brother, treat him kindly as another;
Ah! perhaps the world has scorned him for that luckless hue he wore;
No such narrow prejudices, can he know whom love possesses—
Whom one spark of freedom blesses.—Do not spurn him from thy door,

Lest love enter nevermore.

No bad bird of evil pressage, happily he bears some message
From that much mourned, matchless maiden, from that loved and lost Lenore;
In a pilgrim's garb disguised, angels are but seldom prized;
Of this fact at length advised—were it strange if he foreswore

The false world for evermore?

Oh! thou ill-starred midnight ranger, dark, forlorn, mysterious stranger!
Wildered wanderer from the eternal, lighting on time's stormy shore!
Tell us of that world of wonder, of that famed, unfading yonder
Read, O! rend the veil asunder! let our doubts and fears be o'er!

Doth he answer, "Nevermore?"

Q.

NIGHT.

When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere:
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear;

My soul her wings doth spread,
And heavenward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight:

But if we steadfast look
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror
That far stretcht power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour.

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may
Yet undiscovered issue forth,
And o'er his new got conquest sway.

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice,
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And they likewise shall
Their ruin have;
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

There those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watcht since first
The world had birth:
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

WILLIAM HABINGTON, 1605–1654.

WORK.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

What are we set on earth for? Say to toil—
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' the day till it declines,
And Death's mild Curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystalines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hands,
From thy hands, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,
And share its dew-drop with another near.

Miscellany.

From "Campbelliana," in Frazer's Magazine.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

"When Campbell first came to London," said Tom Hill, to the collector of these imperfect "Ana," "he carried a letter of introduction to Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*. He was then a poor literary adventurer, unfitted with an aim. Perry was so much pleased with him that he offered him a situation on his paper, which Campbell thankfully accepted. But what could Campbell do? he could not report, and he was not up to the *art* of writing *leaders*. At last it was agreed that he should receive two guineas a week, and now and then contribute a piece of poetry to the corner of the paper. He did write, certainly," said Hill, "but in his worst vein. We know what newspaper poetry is, but some of Campbell's contributions were below newspaper poetry—many pieces were not inserted, and such as were inserted, he was too wise to print among his collected poems." Tom Hill's means of information were first rate; he was, moreover, the intimate friend of Perry, and Campbell's neighbor for many years at Sydenham.

On the 9th of May, 1828, he lost his wife. This was a severe blow to him. She was a clever woman, and had that influence over him which a wife should always have, who is a proper helpmate to her husband. I have heard him say, and with much emotion, "No one can imagine how much I was indebted to that woman for the comforts of life."

In 1829 and 1830, he quarrelled with Colburn, threw up the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and lending his name to another publisher, started a magazine called *The Metropolitan*. A Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in two octavo volumes, was advertised, with Campbell's name to it, about the same time. The Life was soon abandoned, and the new magazine, after a time, transferred to Saunders and Otley, with two editors instead of one, Tom Campbell, and his friend Tom Moore. The after history of the magazine is well known—the two poets retired, and Marryat, with his "Peter Simple," gave it a swing of reputation which it had not before.

The sorrows of Poland, and the ebullitions of bad verse, occupied much of Campbell's time when editor of the Metropolitan. He lived in the Polish Chambers, and all his talk was Poland. Czortoryski and Niemciewitz were names everlastingly on his lips. A tale of a distressed Pole was his greeting when you met, and an alms or subscription the chorus of his song. Boswell was not more *daft* about Corsica than Campbell about Poland. Poor Tom Campbell, he exhausted all his sympathy on the Poles, and spent all his invectives upon Russia. Yet he did good—he was the means of assisting many brave but unfortunate men, whilst his ravings against Russia passed unheeded by, like the clamorous outcries for liberty of Akenside and Thomson.

I have heard Campbell say, that a little girl of eleven years would write better letters of their kind than any half dozen addressed by Mrs. Siddons to Mrs. Fitzhughes. The poet was introduced to the actress by Charles Moore, the brother of Sir John Moore.

When Mr. Campbell accepted the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, he forsook his favorite Sydenham, and leased the house No. 10, Upper Seymour street, West. It was in this house that Mrs. Campbell died. His next remove was to Middle Scotland Yard. Here he gave a large evening party, and then grew tired of his house. Milton's biographers pursued their favorite poet through all his garden-houses and tenements in London: I am afraid it would be no easy task to follow Campbell through the long catalogue of his London lodgings for the last fifteen years of his life. I recollect him lodging at No. 42, Eaton street; in Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico; in Sussex Chambers, Duke street, St. James; at 18, Old Cavendish street; in York Chambers, St. James street; and at 61, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. In November, 1840, he again set up house, for the sake of a young niece, to whom he has bequeathed the whole of his little property. The house he chose was No. 8, Victoria square, and here he made his will.

The last time I saw Mr. Campbell, was in Regent street, on the 26th of September, 1843. He was dressed in a light blue tail coat, with gilt buttons, an umbrella tucked under his arm, his boots and trowsers all dust and dirt, a perfect picture of mental and bodily imbecility. I never saw a look in the street more estranged and vacant; not the vacancy of the man described by Dr. Young, "whose thoughts were not of this world;" but the listless gaze of one who had ceased to think at all. I could not help contrasting to myself the poet's present with his past appearance, as described by Byron in his Journal. "Campbell looks well, seems pleased, and dressed to *sprucery*. A blue coat becomes him, so does his new wig. He really looks as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit, or a wedding garment, and was witty and lively." This was in 1813, in Holland House. He has drawn a picture of himself in the streets of Edinburgh, when the "Pleasures of Hope" was a new poem: "I have repeated these lines so often," he says, "on the North Bridge, that the whole fraternity of coachmen know me by tongue as I pass. To be sure, to a mind in sober, serious, street-walking humor, it must bear an appearance of lunacy, when one stamps with the hurried pace and fervent shake of the head, which strong, pithy poetry excites."

Mr. Campbell died at Boulogne, on the 15th of June, 1844, and on the 3d of July, was buried at Poets' Corner, about one foot under the ground, and over against the monument to Shakspeare. I have heard that he had a wish to be buried in the Abbey—a wish he expressed about a year before he died, at a time when a deputation from the Glasgow Cemetery Company waited on the poor enfeebled poet to beg the favor of his body for their new cemetery. Who will say that Campbell lived unhonored in his native city.

Mr. Campbell was, in stature, small, but well made. His eyes were very fine, and just such eyes as Lawrence took delight in painting, when he drew that fine picture of the poet which will preserve his looks to the latest posterity. His lips were thin, and on a constant twitter—thin lips are bad in marble, and Chantrey refused to do his bust, because his lips would never look well. He was bald, I have heard him say, when only twenty-four, and since that age had almost always worn a wig.

There was a *sprucery* about almost every thing he did. He would rule pencil lines to write on, and complete a MS. more in the manner of Davies, of Hereford, than Tom Campbell. His wigs, in his palmy days, were true to the last curl of studious perfection.

He told a story with a great deal of humor, and had much wit and art in setting off an anecdote that in other telling had gone for nothing. The story of the mercantile traveller from Glasgow was one of the very best, and his proposing Napoleon's health at a meeting of authors because he had murdered a bookseller (Palm), was rich in the extreme.

Campbell was very fond of forming clubs—he started a poets' club at his own table at Sydenham, when Crabbe, Moore, and Rogers were of the party. "We talked of forming a poets' club," writes Campbell, "and even set about electing the members, not by ballot, but *viva voce*. The scheme failed, I scarcely know how; but this I know, that a week or so afterwards, I met with Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, who asked me how our poets' club was going on. I said, 'I don't know—we have some difficulty in giving it a name; we thought of calling ourselves *The Bees*.' 'Ah,' said Perry, 'that's a little different from the common report, for they say you are to be called *The Wasps*.' I was so stung with this waspish report, that I thought no more about the Poets' Club." Whatever merit is due to the foundation of the London University, I believe belongs by right to Campbell: he was the founder, moreover, of the Literary Union, an ill-regulated club, which expired in the spring of the present season,

"Unwilling to outlive the good that did it,"

like the Ipswich of Wolsey, as described by Shakspeare.

It is well known that Campbell's own favorite poem of all his composition was his *Gertrude*. I once heard him say, "I never like to see my name before *The Pleasures of Hope*; why, I cannot tell you, unless it was that when young, I was always greeted among my friends as 'Mr. Campbell, author of *The Pleasures of Hope*.' 'Good morning to you, Mr. Campbell, author of *The Pleasures of Hope*. When I got married, I was married as the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*; and when I became a father, my son was the son of the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*." A kind of grim smile, ill-subdued, we are afraid, stole over our features, when standing beside the poet's grave, we read the inscription on the coffin:—

"THOMAS CAMPBELL, L.L.D.
AUTHOR OF THE 'PLEASURES OF HOPE.'
DIED JUNE 15, 1844.
AGED 67."

There was a vigor and swing of versification in *The Pleasures of Hope*, unlike any other of Campbell's compositions, the *Lochiel* excepted: yet it carries with it, as Sir Walter Scott justly observes, many marks of juvenile composition. The *Lochiel* has all the faults and all the defects of his former effort, and, as if aware of a want, he sat down, when busy with *Gertrude of Wyoming*, to amend the poem. The four last lines originally ran:

"Shall victor exult or in death be laid low
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heav'n from the death-bed of fame."

A noble passage nobly conceived; but hear how it runs as appended to the first edition of *Gertrude of Wyoming*:

"Shall victor exult in the battle's acclaim,
Or look to yon Heav'n from the death-bed of fame."

The poet restored the original reading on the recommendation of Sir Walter Scott: he had succeeded in squeezing the whole spirit from out the passage.

I remember remarking to Campbell, that there was a couplet in his *Pleasures of Hope*, which I felt an indescribable pleasure in repeating aloud, and in filling my ears with the music which it made:

"And waft across the wave's tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaskai's shore."

"Yes," he said, "I will tell you where I got it—I found it in a poem called the *Sentimental Sailor*, published about the time of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*." I have never been able to meet with this poem.

From the Nonconformist.

ETHICS OF NONCONFORMITY.

WHEN, WHERE, AND HOW.

"Where there is a will, there is a way" is true, within the limits of possibility. "Love will break through stone walls," proves that the limits which hedge about human action are often nothing but what our own indecision of purpose makes them. Let "I will" go first, with a firm and determined step, "when, where, and how," will be sure to follow. These little adverbs must, in practical life, be taught to know their place. They are good servants, but bad masters. Command them, and they are apt, obliging, useful. Suffer them to command, and they are capricious, obstinate, despotic. The will which is at their beck is a sorry slave—snubbed into that tameness and timidity that, like Rip Van Winkle's dog, the least semblance of an uplifted broomstick will send it scudding away with a yelp of apprehension, and with a tail all limp and drooping for want of pluck. Some men make circumstances, and are considered fortunate. Some are made by them, and curse their fate.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

A narrow examination of our own motives would disclose to us the somewhat unwelcome truth, that most of our perplexities as to modes of practice, spring out of our own insincerity of heart. The choice of a best and shortest road, when a man has a lurking indisposition to go forward, becomes a formidable difficulty—and he consumes in doubt and debate, far more time than he would have lost, even if he had hit upon the very worst which offered itself. A mad bull at the heels of caution puts to flight a whole bevy of perplexities—bushes are run through—stiles are cleared—ploughed fields are traversed—high walls are scaled—every impediment is overleaped, until a place of safety has been gained. Why? Because, in such a case determination takes the lead—and at its approach, obstacles usually give way. Nonconformity may surely exhibit a like decision without being impelled by a like motive. Once resolved upon action, the "when, where, and how," become easy.

"Cast not your pearls before swine," says some trim and furbished pattern of prudence—whereupon, irresolution, knowing the precept to have been given by incarnate wisdom, but scarcely taking a moment's pains to understand it, concludes that it must be very wary, very wary, indeed, of indiscriminately proclaiming even divinely revealed principles. Well! but who are the "swine," and how are we to know them? In His day, who gave us the maxim, they were not the "common people," of whom it is testified that "they heard him gladly"—nor "publicans and sinners," for he was reproached with being their "friend"—but the "chief priests and the pharisees," for they it was, who "turned and rent him." We have no right to judge any unworthy of the truth, until, by their treatment of truth, they have proved themselves to be such. Many were the cities which the apostles entered, and of which, in a spirit of true benevolence, they made trial, whose dust they were compelled to shake off their feet as a witness against them. Our Lord himself reasoned with priests and pharisees until it became apparent that reason could not convince, and only inflamed, them. The precept, therefore, throws no difficulty, whatever, in the way of the earnest-hearted. Conjecture need not worry itself with the vain attempt to ascertain beforehand who are "swine," and who are not. Their own habits will soon point them out to the active servant of truth—and when he can plainly distinguish them, he will consider himself under obligation to cast his pearls elsewhere, not to keep them in his own hand. His duty to impart to others what he has himself received, runs to an indefinite extent, until events limit it in this or the other direction. Impart *he must*—but facts only can direct him as to whether he shall persist in imparting to such and such individuals or classes.

It is said by some of those who practise mesmerism, that experienced hands, when slowly, and, as it were, inquiringly, passed over the body of a patient, may detect the influence of a current, almost imperceptibly bearing them towards the seat of the disease. Whether a fiction of imagination, or a fact, the assertion will serve us for an illustration. A resolute will to promote, by the likeliest modes within reach, the claims of truth, can never be long at a loss. By a law of attraction, the force of which the vigilant will certainly perceive, the means of action will soarrange themselves, as to exert their strongest power, where most it is needed. A living principle lights the way to its own success. Fire within a man, if it be of the right sort, will radiate its brightness all around him—and, aided by its beams, he will see, with a sort of instinctive clearness, what methods will be most conducive to true usefulness. Earnestness is always persuasive. The simple desire to transfer from our minds to others the views which truth has impressed there, succeeds in proportion to its own intensity. There is a photographic process in morals, as well as in physics—and, as in the last, pictures are rendered vivid according to the degree of light employed, so, in the first, conviction and persuasion depend, for their depth, far more upon a concentration of soul in him who would produce them, than upon the particular arguments, appeals, or acts, through the medium of which it develops itself.

"When, where, and how," therefore must be left, in each case to the judgment of sincerity—and sincerity, availing itself of common sense, will seldom mistake. We know that history will be quoted against us—and proofs by the thousand will be thrust forward, of men whose zeal can never be called in question, employing fire and sword for the spread of Christianity; all which we may as well anticipate by the answer, that what these fanatics sought they took likely means enough to attain. They aimed at an universal outward conformity to the Church—and they resorted to physical force to secure it. Profession, not faith, was their real object—for to profession they attached more importance than to faith. No man in his senses would seek to instruct a human understanding, or to fix the affections of the human heart, by "threatenings and slaughters." Appearances to the contrary are fallacious. Those who wielded such weapons in by-gone days, or who, in modern times, handle similar ones, cannot be imagined to have been intent upon making their fellowmen the willing worshipers of Him whom they professed to serve. Willing or unwilling, they would have conformists—and what more likely to multiply them than an appeal to their fears?

Depend upon it, that the perplexity, as to time, place, and mode, which palsies action, infallibly betokens a shallow sense of obligation. How does intensity of feeling show itself in the more ordinary walks of life? See how gratitude, where it is sincere and deep, albeit limited by poverty in its means of expression, plucks a few hedge-flowers, and knits them into a posy, that simple as it is, and comparatively worthless, it shall yet be fragrant of kindly feeling towards him to whom it its presented? Mark how fond friendship, hearing the voice of slander, pricks up its ears, and watches for an opportunity of vindicating the absent—and, as the case demands, observe with what gracefulness it slips in, now an inquiry, then a denial, anon a reproof, not one of which fails to tell upon the mind of an impartial listener. Or love, is it ever long at a loss for means? Is it not quick to invent, and prompt to execute? And does it not, by any reed, breathe out its music of desire and complaint? Why, then, should all-absorbing devotion to truth be puzzled into inactivity, or pine itself away in doubts? What is there in this spiritual passion which may account for its development in so distracting an anxiety not to be wrong, as to leave untried all means of being right? True nonconformity will as certainly shape for itself a course of resolute practice, as will gratitude, friendship, or love—and his affection for nonconforming principles is much to be suspected which sits still for want of knowing the "when, where, and how."

THE WASHINGTON FAMILY.

The following letter, translated from the German, contains some interesting particulars respecting a branch of the Washington family. The letter from General Washington, to which the writer alludes, may be seen in Spark's Washington, vol. xi. p. 393; and other particulars concerning the family in vol. i. p. 554. James Washington is there mentioned as having been a merchant in Rotterdam:

MUNICH, February 21, 1844.

Honored Sir:—It was not till the 17th of this month that I received your favor of Dec. 13th; I could not, therefore, answer it earlier. In compliance with your wish I will, with pleasure, communicate to you facts relating to my family. The branch from which I am descended has undoubtedly the same ancestor as that from which the American branch descended, which is proved also by the same coat of arms.

The family of Washington is descended from a good old English family, which in early times, owned considerable possessions in the counties of York and Northampton, and in other places. It became connected, by marriage, with the family of Shirley, Earl Ferrers. Sir Lawrence Washington married Elizabeth, a daughter of the second Earl Ferrers. It was also connected with that of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. A branch of the family, from unknown causes, for they were wealthy, emigrated about the year 1650 to America; and the well-known (one may say with truth the universally famous) General and President, George Washington, was descended from it.

My great grandfather, James Washington, was so deeply implicated in the unfortunate affair of the Duke of Monmouth, in the time of Charles II. 1683 and 1684, that he was obliged to fly from England, and after losing, by shipwreck, on the coast of Portugal, every thing of his personal property that he had been able to carry away from England, he came to Holland. While there he was frequently demanded on the part of England by its ambassador, and his delivery insisted upon; but the General States did not consent; and thus he became the founder of that branch which then began to flourish in Holland, and is still in existence in the persons of two individuals, cousins, lieutenants in the army and navy.

I possess an autograph letter of the great man, George Washington, from Mount Vernon, January 20, 1799, in which, among other things, it is said: "There can be but little doubt, Sir, of our descending from the same stock, as the branches of it proceeded from the same country; at what time your ancestors left England, is not mentioned; mine came to America nearly one hundred and fifty years ago."

At the age of sixteen, I received, in 1794, a commission in the Dutch service, but was unwilling to serve the Bavarian Republic, founded in 1795; and being a faithful follower of the house of Orange, I emigrated. At the formation of the Dutch brigade, of the Prince of Orange, in the English service, in 1799, I was appointed Lieutenant in that brigade, until the disbanding of the latter, after the peace of Amiens, in 1802. A few months later I had the good fortune to enter the Bavarian service. Since then, nearly forty-two years have passed, of which I have been attached no less than thirty-seven years to the most high person of the King, partly as marshal of the Court, and partly as aid-de-camp.

I have also planted a stock in Bavaria, which, if God will, is some time to bear good fruit to the King and country. I have three sons—the eldest, Ludwig, sixteen years old, is a page of his Majesty the King; the second, Max, fourteen years old, is a pupil in the Royal Corps of Cadets; and the third, Karl, ten years old, frequents the public school. By my two marriages with daughters of families of the highest nobility in the land, my children are placed in agreeable circumstances, even when I shall be no more; and in this manner, this branch of the family in this new country may flourish. God give his blessing to it!

It would lead me too far to enter into details of my biography; for, being in earlier years frequently exposed to the storm of fate, brought on chiefly by revolutions, and at a later period placed in important offices and other relations, I could not do it without being very long; and since this letter has already attained a considerable extent, that which has been said will, I hope, satisfy you. I will only add, in order that you may become altogether acquainted with my situation here, that I will subjoin to the signature of my name what is otherwise not usual; but in this case I think I may make an exception, because it forms in a manner a part of my biography.

Thanking you for the literary production transmitted to me, which possesses, by the preface of the renowned Professor Hedmann, an enhanced value, I remain with sentiments of perfect esteem, your devoted,

BARON VON WASHINGTON,
Royal Bavarian Chamberlain, Lieutenant-General and Aid-de-Camp to his Majesty the King, Commander of the Order of Civil Merit, of the Bavarian Crown; of the Greek Order of the Saviour, of the British Military Order of the Bath, Knight of the Royal French Order of the Legion of Honor, and Lord of Notzing.

To Dr. J. K. FLUZEL,
Consul of the United States of North America, in Leipzic.

From Pratt's Gleanings.

HOWARD THE PHILANTHROPIST.

He was a singular being in many of the common habits of life; he bathed daily in cold water; and both on rising and going to bed swathed himself in coarse towels, wet with the coldest water; in that state he remained half an hour or more, and then threw them off, freshened and invigorated, as he said, beyond measure. He never put on a great coat in the coldest countries; nor was ever a minute under or over the time of an appointment for twenty-six years. He never continued at a place, or with a person, a single day beyond the period prefixed for going, in his life; and had not, for the last ten years of his existence, ate any fish, flesh, or fowl; nor sat down to his simple fare of tea, milk, and rusks, all that time. His journeys were continued from prison to prison; from one groupe of wretched beings to another, night and day; and when he could not go in a carriage, he would walk. Such a thing as an obstruction was out of the question.

Some days after his first return from an attempt to mitigate the plague at Constantinople, he favored me with a morning visit to London. The weather was so very terrific, that I had forgot his inveterate exactness, and had yielded up the hope of expecting him. Twelve at noon was the hour, and exactly as the clock struck, he entered my room; the wet—for it rained in torrents—dripping from every part of his dress, like water from a sheep just landed from its washing. He would not have attended to his situation, having sat himself down with the utmost composure, and begun conversation, had I not made an offer of dry clothes. "Yes," said he, smiling, "I had my fears, as I knocked at your door, that we should go over the old business of apprehension about a little rain-water, which, though it does not run off my back as it does from that of a duck, does me as little injury, and after a long drought is scarcely less refreshing. The coat that I have on has been as often wetted through as any duck's in the world, and indeed gets no other cleaning. I assure you, a good soaking shower is the best brush for broadcloth.—You, like the rest of my friends, throw away your pity upon my supposed hardships with just as much reason as you commiserate the common beggars, who being familiar with storms, necessity, and nakedness, are a thousand times (so forcible is habit) less to be compassioned than the sons and daughters of ease and luxury, who, accustomed to all the enfeebling refinements of feathers by night and fires by day, are taught to shiver at a breeze. All this is the work of art, my good friend; nature is intrepid, hardy, and adventurous; but it is a practice to spoil her with indulgences from the moment we come into the world. A soft dress and soft cradle begin our education in luxury, and we do not grow more manly the more we are gratified; on the contrary, our feet must be wrapt in wool or silk, we must tread upon carpets, breathe, as it were, in fire, and fear the least change in the weather." "You smile," said Mr. Howard, after a pause, "but I am a living instance of the truths I insist on. A more puny youngster than myself was never seen. If I wet my feet I was sure to take cold. I could not put on my shirt without its being aired. To be serious, I am convinced *that what emasculates the body debilitates the mind*, and renders both unfit for those exertions which are of such use to us social beings. I therefore entered upon a reform of my constitution, and have succeeded in such a degree that I have neither had a cough, cold, the vapors, nor any more alarming disorder, since I surmounted the seasoning. Formerly, mulled wines, and spirits, and great fires, were to comfort me, and to keep out the cold, as it is called; the perils of the day were to be baffled by something taken hot on going to bed; and before I pursued my journey the next morning, *a dram* was to be swallowed to fortify the stomach!" "Believe me," said Mr. Howard, "we are too apt to *invert the remedies which we ought to prescribe for ourselves*. Thus we are forever giving *hot* things when we should administer *cold*. We bathe in hot instead of cold water, we use a dry bandage when we should use a wet one, and we increase our food and clothing when we should, by degrees, diminish both.

"If we would trust more to Nature, and suffer her to apply her own remedies to cure her own diseases, the formidable catalogue of maladies would be reduced to one-half, at least, of their present number."

From the London Britannia.

NEW PROCESS OF COPYING ENGRAVINGS.

In this age of wonders it is, at all events, a consolation to know that matter is not endowed with intellectual power—that machinery cannot think; for imagination may scarcely limit the boundaries to which science may attain, or calculate the extent to which the work of man's hands will do the work of man.

The new process by which engravings may be multiplied, *ad infinitum*, we have now to consider. All we know of it may be briefly told. Some months ago we stated that "a discovery had been made, by which, in a few days, a large and elaborate line engraving might be so accurately copied that there should be no perceptible difference betwen the original and the copy; that an engraving on steel or copper might be produced from an impression of the print—the original plate never having been seen by the copyist; and that such plate should be warranted to yield from 10,000 to, 20,000 impressions. We stated, also, that it was stated to us, that the producer would undertake to supply a Bank of England note so exactly copied that the person who signed and issued it should not be able to swear which was the original and which was the copy."

The print which accompanies this notice has been so produced. Mr. Darton, the respected publisher of Holborn-hill, undertook to procure for us the plate—a copy from any print we might select, no matter what size—within a fortnight. We consequently procured a proof of an engraving—the head of the Saviour, from the burin of M. Blanchard, from the painting of Delaroche—of which, at the end of seven days, he presented to us a "proof in progress," which he delivered finished at the end of fourteen days. From that plate we have taken between 4,000 and 5,000 impressions, and have no doubt whatever that it is capable of yielding twice that number.

As soon as the plate was placed in our hands finished, we submitted it to several artists—painters and engravers; at the same time we laid before them impressions from the plate, and a proof of the original plate, taken, of course, in Paris. The opinion at which they arrived was, that, although it was not difficult to distinguish the original from the copy, they were so nearly alike that any person of practised eye might suppose the two to be from the same plate, the one being merely taken with greater care than the other; that they were precisely the same, line for line and "touch for touch;" and that this example completely established the principle: they considered the invention to be the most wonderful and the most unaccountable that had been made in modern times, in connection with the art.

It is needless to add, that by the artists to whom we refer, many "guesses" were made as to the mode by which this marvellous process was effected;—apparently, however, without the least result. We should observe that the process does not infer a necessity for injuring the print delivered as a model. The print is returned unscathed.

Farther we add, that the inventor—an Englishman—is an engraver by profession. He has produced our example under serious disadvantages—being in ill health, having had to work in dark and frosty weather, and having been far too much hurried by us, in consequence of our desire to issue our copies with our January part. Moreover, the steel was not prepared expressly for the purpose, and was by no means fortunate for work.

We have now no doubt whatever that, under more auspicious circumstances, the inventor may produce a plate so exactly resembling the original proof that there shall be no susceptible difference between the two even to the practised eye; and that he may achieve this work within eight days.

And we think that all who examine this example fairly will be of our opinion.

This is all we know about the matter. We subjected the invention to the severest test—by selecting a subject so accessible that any person who will take the trouble to do so may compare the original with the copy.

It would be idle to attempt to solve this mystery; the inventor has taken out no patent, neither can he do so, inasmuch as, if he do, any unprincipled person may at once adopt it—with little probability of the inventor being able to prove that his process has been the medium of which the print has been produced.

It is not likely that such a secret can be very long retained; it will no doubt soon be universally known, and extensively acted upon. If as perfect as it may be—as we verily believe it will be—there is no knowing to what extensive changes in legislation it may conduce; for, if any printed or written document can be forged with so much ease and certainty as to defy detection, the consequences may be more appalling than we care to anticipate.

As regards the multiplication of engraving, however, we are very unwilling to admit that the results will be evil, or even injurious. A print must be produced before it can be copied. The productions of our own country are, of course, secured (publishers will find it necessary to adopt some signature or stamp, the forgery of which will be felony—a matter far more serious than "an injunction"); and it will become more than ever the interest of foreign states to pass those acts for mutual protection—international copyright—which it is disgraceful to the age to have been so long withheld.

From the London Punch.

COLLEGE OF GENERAL PRACTITIONERS.

A scheme, it appears, has been set on foot for the establishment of a "College of General Practitioners." Now, since diseases, very generally, are either imaginary, or such as would get well of themselves if let alone, one highly important branch of General Practice is the treatment of cases which do not require it. The General Practitioner, though not a Consulting Physician, must consult his own interest. *Verb. sat. sap.*; but if the College Examiners are not saps, they may take a hint from *Punch*. Teachers must first be taught; and here, for the benefit of those whom it may concern, is a little

Appropriate Examination Paper: with Answers.

Q. What should be the medical treatment of a common cold, which in fact, requires only white-wine-whey and a footpan?

A. Pulv. Antim: grains five, to be taken at bed-time; and *Mistura Feb:* three table-spoonfuls every three hours, with *Emplast: Picis* to the region of the chest.

Q. If you asked a patient to put out his tongue, and found it perfectly clean, what would you do?

A. Shake my head, and say, "Ah!" or "Hum!"

Q. What is the meaning of "Hum," Sir?

A. It means, "I see what is the matter with you."

Q. How would you look on feeling a pulse which proved natural and regular?

A. Very serious; and I would pretend to be calculating.

Q. A lady, slightly indisposed, asks whether you don't think her very ill—Your answer?

A. I should say that she would have been so if she had n't sent for me in time.

Q. Suppose a patient, in perfect health, demands what you think of his case?

A. I should tell him, very mysteriously, that he ought to take care of himself.

Q. An anxious mother, Sir, sends for you to see her darling child—What would you first do?

A. Begin by admiring it.

Q. How long, in a given case, would you send in medicine?

A. As long as the patient believed himself ill.

Q. That belief being erroneous, what would you send, pray?

A. I think, *Tinct: Card: Comp:* with either *Aqua Menthæ Pip:* or *Mist: Camph:*

Q. Be so good, Sir, as to translate the word "Iter."

A. Five shillings.

Associated Agency.

Central Office, 20 Wall Street, (basement,) New-York.

THE attention of persons who are desirous of improving their condition in life, is respectfully invited to the following great bargains now offered in this office.

864 acres of land with improvements, in Lyonsdale, Lewis Co. N. Y. 40 miles north of Utica, with half of the immense water-power of High Falls, on Black River; a large and never-failing stream, with sixty feet fall, with a saw-mill in operation. The whole, or a part will be sold Price for the whole only $12,000.

A farm of 750 acres of the best quality of land in Frederick Co. Virginia, 40 miles from Washington City, in a high state of cultivation, with superior buildings, including stock and farming utensils, for $25,000.

3,000 acres of valuable land in Luzerne Co. Pennsylvania, with improvements, water-power, &c. for $37,500.

A large portion of the Town of Mount Carmel, Wabash Co. Illinois, with extensive tracts of land in the vicinity, including two villages, with Houses, Lots, Ferries Coal-Banks, and an abundance of water-power. Water communication by way of the lakes to New-York, and by the Mississippi to New Orleans.

A part of the town of Toolesborough, Louisa Co. Iowa, on the River Mississippi, with several thousand acres of land adjoining.

8,660 acres of first-rate rolling land in Lincoln Co. Missouri, on the Mississippi, 1,000 acres Prarie, the balance timbered land. Price $5,000.

20,000 acres of excellent farming land, very favorably situated in Hampshire Co. Virginia, at $2 an acre.

40,000 acres of choice selected land in Michigan, at $1 an acre.

2,500 acres of land in West Tennessee, Perry Co. will be sold, a great bargain.

60,000 acres, in Fentriss Co. Tennessee, in tracts varying from 1,000 to 5,000 acres each, of good farming land with Iron, Coal, Saltpetre, Epsom Salts, Copperas, an water-power.

214,000 acres in Washington, Green, Cock, Sevier and Blount counties, Tennessee, at 25 cents an acre. On these lands are Iron, Bituminous Coal, Fine Clay for Pottery, Feldspar, Quartz, Lime, Alum, and an inexhaustible supply of water-power.

Several of the above tracts of land are peculiarly adapted to the settlement of industrial Associations.

Also, for sale in this office, a great variety of Farms, Mills, Houses, Town-Lots, &c. in the different Counties of the States of New-York and New Jersey, and in all the Western States and Territories, at the lowest market prices, and with warranted title.

Having 26 Branch offices in the West, 9 in New England, and 4 in Europe, our Associated Agency offers the greatest facilities to persons wishing to buy, sell, or exchange Real Estate. All such are invited to command our services.

A principal object of the Association is, to put in practical operation a plan, by which persons wishing to purchase Real Estate of any description, may, with the least possible delay, trouble, or expense, be informed where they can find property for sale, adapted to their circumstances and wants; and by which the seller and the buyer may be brought together, to make such transactions as may be mutually beneficial.

We have already a rich Register of property for sale, to which we invite the attention of those who wish to purchase Real Estate of any description, or in any par of the country.

We also conduct an Agency for non-resident proprietors of Western Lands.

Agency for *procuring* and for *selling* Patents in the United States and in Europe.

Agency for receiving orders for Arnold's *Superior* Scythe Sharpening Rifles, Price in New-York, $6 a groce.

Agency for effecting insurance against fire in all parts of the Union.

Agency for sale of the Recipe for the genuine Berlin Hams, superior to Westphalias.

Agency for procuring Loans on Bond and Morteage.

BUFFUM & Co.
Basement Office, 20 Wall Street.
November 28, 1844.—tf.

Graham House, New Arrangement.

ROSWELL GOSS informs his friends and the public, that he has enlarged his Boarding Establishment, known as the

GRAHAM HOUSE, 63 BARCLAY STREET,

by adding to it the adjoining house, and is prepared to accommodate transient or permanent Boarders on the most favorable terms. All friends of Temperance desiring a quiet home, and freedom from the fumes of Alcohol and Tobacco, are invited to patronize this house. The vegetable system will be strictly adhered to, but a table will be served for those who prefer a mixed diet. Croton shower and warm baths free.

October 17. ROSWELL GOSS.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

(Second Edition.)

JUST Published, and for sale at this office, a new work on Capital Punishment. By Charles Spear. It contains a variety of thrilling and instructive anecdotes; also, all the capital offenses in every State in the Union; and a speech from O'Connell on the subject. Also, several instances of the execution of the *innocent*. Facts are drawn from history and observation, and the entire scripture ground has been examined. The work is embellished with a fine engraving. Price, 62 1-2 cents.

Education and Industry!

THE Northampton Association of Education and Industry have appropriated a suitable tenement for the accommodation of 15 or 20 boarding pupils. They will be members of a family, under the care of the Director of Education, assisted by his wife, and other teachers, and will be subject to the same treatment and regulations as pupils who are members of the association. The name of the association indicates the idea of culture, towards the realization of which our efforts will be directed. Systematic, habitual industry is deemed indispensable to education, which should aim at the harmonious development of the physical, intellectual, moral, and religious tendencies in active, practical life.

We shall consider $100 a year as an equivalent for instruction and board; from which a suitable deduction will be made when a pupil comes for several years. The year will commence on the 1st of May, next, and will have no fixed and entire vacation. Pupils will be received for a year at any time.

O. MACK, *Director of Education.